



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Princeton University Library



32101 055308546

THE GENTLE HERITAGE

ANNOUNCEMENT,

Library of



Princeton University.

Estate of

Stockton Axson

Shelton's Cove
January 17, 1882
S. M. S.



'PATRICIA CAN LOOK AS MAJESTIC IN HER NIGHT-DRESS AS IN HER BEST FROCK.'" Page 29.

BY

JAMES F. CROWLEY

Author of "The American People"



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET



THE GENTLE HERITAGE

BY

FRANCES E. CROMPTON

AUTHOR OF "FRIDAY'S CHILD" AND "MASTER BARTLEMY"



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

**COPYRIGHT, 1893,
By E. P. DUTTON & CO.**

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF IT, . . .	7
II. ABOUT THE MAN-UNDER-THE-BED, . . .	20
III. ABOUT SOME TEA-PARTIES, . . .	34
IV. ABOUT THE DAY AFTER, . . .	44
V. ABOUT PAUL, . . .	55
VI. ABOUT THE HAW, . . .	71
VII. ABOUT BOGY'S CASTLE, . . .	90
VIII. ABOUT A REAL TEA-PARTY, . . .	102
IX. ABOUT AN OUT-OF-DOORS MEETING, . . .	122
X. ABOUT THE WHITE LILIES, . . .	137
XI. ABOUT A BIRTHDAY, . . .	157
XII. ABOUT THE END OF IT, . . .	177

Stackton C. Kern

of

6-26-35 Estate of

(RECAP)

3698

19

~~XXXX~~

782031

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
" THEN THE DOOR OF BOGY'S CASTLE OPENED."	
	<i>Frontispiece</i>
" AND THEN WE ENJOYED OURSELVES," . . .	15
" PATRICIA CAN LOOK AS MAJESTIC IN HER NIGHT- DRESS AS IN HER BEST FROCK," . . .	27
" WITH MY ELBOWS IN THE GRASS," . . .	57
" DOWN THREE STONE STEPS INTO BOGY'S GARDEN,"	93
" HE WAS STOPPING IT WITH HIS BODY," . . .	127
" THE LILIES BY THE SUN-DIAL," . . .	185

THE GENTLE HERITAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF IT.

IT was when we were all quite nursery children—a long time ago, I am sure; two years since, at the very least—and it began, as nurse said afterward, because we would not play at proper games like other children.

Partly that is our own fault, because Patricia always wants to take the lead, and always will, and, of course, it leads to squabbles; and, I dare say, I am often very aggravating, and Bobby is such a slow, arguing boy, and Annis is as tiresome as tiresome can be with crying over everything, and Paul is sometimes so very odd and obstinate. But I think it is also nurse's fault, because, being the strictest person in the world, she will not let you do everything you might want to do. We consider nurse

a very cross person. It is all very well to say that it is we who are naughty, but we are not always naughty, and she *is* always cross. Her aprons are as stiff as the nursery tea-tray, besides being the same plain shape, and she will wear the tightest and sternest caps that ever were seen.

I remember Bobby being put in the pound for saying, in a very serious manner, that he did not want to wish anything wicked, especially on Sunday, but he *did* wish that something would soon happen to nurse's best cap. He said it looked so hard; her caps were all strictish, but her Sunday cap was savage.

It may not be very agreeable to the feelings to tell about one's punishments, but it may have to be told, all the same. Our large punishment is to be sent to bed, and our small is to be put in the pound, which is really behind the screen. It is a very degrading thing to be put there; it is much worse than a corner, because a corner is lighter, and you can sometimes look over your shoulder. But our nursery is an old one, and there is a good deal of furniture in

it, and all the corners are filled up, so nurse uses the screen, which we think much worse. It is very big and high, and when its four flaps pen you round, it feels as if your wickedness had separated you from the rest of the world. It is too heavy to be knocked over as a relief to the mind, and inside it is dark and very uninteresting, for it is covered with brown leather, with panels made of nails with brass heads like acorn cups. It is an old screen. Father used to be put behind it when he was a little boy, and it is he who calls it being pounded. We can show you a patch on the second flap, where, in a dreadful moment of rage, he once kicked a hole in it. So he was whipped; which, nurse says, in a dark kind of way, is a warning to us; but when I look at dear father, who is more than six feet high, and seems more than eight or nine in his top-boots and hat, I only believe it in the way I believe that Don't-care fell into the pond, and that the child who played with fire was burnt to death, and all those things, which are also warnings to us, but yet do not seem to make us very uneasy in our minds.

We have heard ladies tell mother that nurse is a treasure, but she does not comb *their* hair nor put *them* to bed. But still we know that she is really very good, and Bobby says that he has observed her for a long time, and he believes that when she worries us it is not for nastiness, but because she is a truly religious person. But she *is* cross, and even dear mother cannot say she is not.

But the thing we think the worst of all about nurse is that there could not possibly be any person in the world with less imagination than she has. She never would see what pleasure we could find in sitting in a ring under the table and imagining things, which she called telling untruths. She could not see what pleasure there was in sitting on the floor at all, because no one who has not made a practice of doing it *can* know how nice it is.

"Why you cannot sit on chairs, instead of floors like pagans in a pagan land, is more than *I* can tell," she used to say.

"It's all very well," Bobby whispered once, "but nurse has a rocking-chair. She doesn't know how shiny old horse-hair slides you off at the front."

Nurse did not hear what he said, but she caught a muttering, and she looked very hard at us.

"You never see me sitting on the floor; no, nor ever wanting to," she said, biting her thread off, and keeping one eye fixed on us.

"Your legs is long," said Paul, gravely, holding his toes, as he always does when he sits on the floor. "Werry long. Yards long."

We could never make nurse understand that we liked imagining things better than playing at real games, because she never did imagine things herself. She could not even invent a tale, which was one reason why we had to invent them for ourselves, because M'riar only knew one, and that was Orange and Lemon. We consider Orange and Lemon all very well for once, but after it has been told a good many times, you feel that you are getting rather tired of it. Bobby always used to begin to fidget at—

"Oh, uncle, uncle, have you brought my golden ball?
Or have you brought me free?
Or are you come to see me hung
Upon this gallows-tree?"

And then "Oh, aunt, aunt," because we knew that M'riar took a gloomy pleasure in going on to the most distant relations possible. And now we think sometimes that M'riar did not tell it properly, because it did not seem as sensible as mother's tales. Bobby used to argue it out, till M'riar would lose her temper and say she would not tell it any more—not that it mattered, for we knew it as well as she did; and, besides, she really liked best to tell us about herself.

She always quite enjoyed telling us about her places, and about her great friend, whom she called Miss Ann Ellen Chantler. She used to tell us really the most astonishing things about Miss Ann Ellen Chantler, and the most surprising adventures that she had had in her different places. Bobby was very particular about M'riar's stories, and used to sit with his elbows on the table, and his chin on his hands, arguing them out with her very slowly and precisely. We think now that they were stories, chiefly because M'riar did not tell them before nurse.

M'riar was our nursery maid at that time. Of course her real name was Maria, and

mother used to tell us not to say M'riar, but we always did, because it was the way nurse said it. She was not half as cross as nurse, and she was more good-natured, too, and would give us things if we asked long enough, such as two lumps of sugar to rub in the nursery coal cupboard and make sparks, or elastic out of the sides of her boots when we wanted to make a chip fiddle, or other things of that sort. And she was kinder than nurse, too, when she took us out. Nurse would never let us walk where we liked, because of the dirt, or the wind, or something foolish; while we could often persuade M'riar to take us to the places we liked best, even to the sand-holes in the croft that goes down to father's farm. We are fond of the sand-holes, because sand is so nice and clean to play in that even rolling in it does not dirty you; though nurse has actually been so mean as to desire mother to forbid digging holes and burying each other, for, she says, get the sand out of our clothes she cannot. Of course, the worst part of the sand-holes is the going home at tea-time, because the sand does rather drop

out of your clothes on the nursery floor, and, as Bobby said, it leads to rows; but nurse need not hate us playing in the sand-holes as much as she does. But it is no use; we have observed it frequently—the things we like most are the things nurse hates. M'riar was not very fond of the sand-holes either. She always wanted to go to Abchurch, for she said she liked life; but sometimes we could persuade her to take us to the sand-holes, and then we enjoyed ourselves, while she sat on the bank with the work she called her crosher. We really cannot see ourselves how much more life any one can want than there is in fields. There are birds everywhere, and butterflies on the banks, and frogs and sticklebacks in the brook, and rabbits in the sand-holes, and once we saw a hedgehog, and there are mole-hills, so there must be moles; and we should like to know how much more life you need than that? But although M'riar was more good-natured than nurse, somehow we did feel that we could not be certain of her. She never had nurse's way of making one be obedient immediately, which perhaps she could not have



"AND THEN WE ENJOYED OURSELVES." Page 14.

helped, but she *could* have helped coaxing us by telling things that we found out afterward to be stories. And also she was not the same both before nurse and behind her back, which made Bobby say that at times he rather despised her.

And I am quite sure that it was M'riar who first told us about Bogy. It would not be honorable to lay all the blame on her, for I know we went on with it; but she did first teach us—I think only to frighten us into being good. But sometimes I did so wish that she had not done it, because no one who is not frightened in the dark can possibly know how hard it is for some one who is.

But it was our own faults, too, for we did not tell mother or nurse, but went on with it, generally sitting in a ring under the nursery table, whispering, and imagining things.

We were very fond of sitting under the table, because it felt so private, with the leaves down, and the cloth hanging round like a tent. Patricia and Annis and I leaned against the legs that were farthest from nurse, and Paul had the other, when he came, but that was not when we talked about

Bogy, because he was too little. Bobby always sat under nurse's sewing drawer; it was rather a deep drawer, and he often bumped himself when he was having a good argument, but it did not matter, because he is very hard-headed; at least, father says so, and if it does not mean that bumps do not hurt him as much as they hurt other people, I do not know what it does mean.

I do not know why we liked imagining about Bogy, for we were dreadfully afraid of him. I suppose there was a kind of excitement about it that was interesting, but now it does seem very foolish that we should have taken so much trouble to make ourselves miserable. But to imagine about Bogy was quite a favorite game then. We could never quite decide where he lived. I hoped at first that it was not really necessary for him to live with us at all, but Patricia resigned herself from the first.

"There is such a person as Bogy in the house," she said, "for M'riar says there is. So he must live somewhere, and the thing is, where is it?"

Bobby thought he would prefer him to live

in the cellars, because he said he felt that the cellar-door corked him down pretty well; but we could not trust to him staying there, because no one can be expected to live altogether in cellars. And so the Bogy in our house had a very unpleasant habit of lurking in corners all about the place, and after dark it grew very disagreeable—very disagreeable indeed.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT THE MAN-UNDER-THE-BED.

BUT the worst time of all was at night, for then Bogy lived in the same room with us, and was called the Man-under-the-bed. We did not mind under-the-bed at all in the daytime ; it was at night that it began to be unpleasant. M'riar said that her friend Miss Ann Ellen Chantler had once been in a place where a lady used to roll a ball under her bed every night, to prove whether any one were under it or not.

Bobby is a very slow boy ; it takes him a long time to learn a thing, but he never forgets afterward, and if he has a thought in his mind, nothing can put it aside until he has argued it out, and feels that he thoroughly understands it. So when M'riar told us that tale, Bobby said nothing at the time, but after a few minutes, when we were talking of something else, he felt ready.

"M'riar," he said, turning the things over in his pockets with both hands, and looking in M'riar's face in a considering way, while she fastened his collar—"M'riar, I want to know what was the use of that?"

"Use of what?" said M'riar. "Don't move your 'ed, Master Bobby."

"The use of that ball," said Bobby, slowly. "When the ball came out at the other side, that didn't prove that there wasn't a man there, you know. He might have seen it rolling, and kicked it on. That's too tight, M'riar."

"Don't move your 'ed, Master Bobby."

"And if the ball had stayed under, I want to know what the lady would have done. That's too——"

"Don't move your 'ed, Master Bobby."

"Tight," went on Bobby. "Would she have been too frightened to look under? Would she have had to get into bed and go to sleep?"

"I don't know, Master Bobby."

"It's still too tight, M'riar. Or suppose she went for the butler, and the cook, and some more people, and suppose when they

looked there was nothing. How then, M'riar?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said M'riar, getting cross.

"You don't seem to know much about it, M'riar," said Bobby, sternly. "Are you sure it is the truth?"

"'Ow dare you say I'm telling stories, Master Bobby?" cried M'riar, very red in the face.

"I didn't. You know whether it is a story or not. I don't. I think she was a very foolish lady, anyway. And am I being hung upon the gallows-tree?" asked Bobby, with Orange and Lemon in his mind. "Or am I having a clean collar put on?"

We never rolled a ball under our beds, because, for one thing, nurse would never have allowed it, but we did believe in the Man-under-the-bed. M'riar told us about him at first, and then I suppose we made ourselves go on with it, because it was interesting to imagine things about him in the daytime. But at night I did so wish that we had not done it. Sometimes Annis used to cry. It is no use pretending that I was

not afraid myself, because I was much more afraid than Annis, but at least I should be ashamed to cry half as often as she, who cries for everything. It did not seem to trouble Patricia at all, but she is so much more strong-minded than I am. She could sit up in the dark, and say quite loudly and comfortably, "If you were to be grabbed by the Man-under-the-bed, would his hand be as hot as fire, or as cold as ice? Which do you imagine?" and then lie down, and go to sleep immediately. But I could only lie awake and be frightened, and the worse part of all was that I could not tell anybody, because I did not know what I was afraid of.

If Annis was awake, she cried, which somehow seems to have more comfort in it than to be silent over it, though I cannot explain why. Once she brought us into a scrape. It was a very uncomfortable night. I was lying awake and being miserable as usual, besides being much too hot and cramped, and not daring to move. I heard Annis moving a little, so I knew that she was awake on one side of me, but on the other Patricia

was snoring away in the most enraging manner. We had each a little bed to ourselves, which makes three, and we could not tell which bed the Man was under, but not one of us wanted him under *hers*.

The blind was drawn down, but there was a little opening at the side, and through it came a light from the lantern in the stable-yard that danced on the wall very horribly. But even worse than that was the night-light by Paul's cot, that we could just see through the crack of the night nursery door. Patricia's snoring was a trial, but the light on the wall was worse, and Paul's night-light was worst of all.

I tried to think of something else, but it was no use, for I began to hear that Annis was crying. I hoped she might fall asleep if I took no notice of her, so I lay still, and presently she was quiet. But at last I heard her choking, which showed that she had only dragged the clothes over her head, and it grew worse and worse until she shook her bed; the irons creaked fearfully, and then, of course, she cried harder than ever, because she thought it was the Man underneath. I

began to be afraid that nurse would hear, for the door of the day nursery was not shut tightly, and if she found out why Annis was crying—oh! what a scrape we should be in! I was much more afraid of that than of the Man, which showed that he was not anything to be really afraid of, if I had thought of it. I sat up a little and spoke to Annis, which made things worse, because it startled her into giving a roar under the bed-clothes, so I was obliged to get out of bed and run to her.

“O Annis, do hush,” I said. “Suppose nurse hears! How can you be so mean?”

But by that time Annis had cried herself into such a state that she could not stop, and she took no notice of me. I shook her, but it only made the bed creak so tremendously that she thought it was the Man coming out, and her sobs began to be bellows.

“Patricia! Patricia!” I said; “do get up at once and come to Annis!”

“What’s the matter?” she said, sleepily.

“It is Annis crying dreadfully; she won’t stop. She is afraid of the Man-under-the-bed.”

"How foolish!" said Patricia, indignantly.
"Tell her to go to sleep this instant!"

"She won't; I think she can't. Oh! what a noise she is making! If nurse hears it!"

Patricia bounded out of bed and flew at Annis.

"If you don't be quiet and go to sleep *this* second, you will be the meanest, shabbiest thing we ever——"

"Oh! oh! oh!" roared Annis.

"There! Now you have done it!" I said, giving myself up to despair, as the door opened and nurse came in with the lamp.

"I declare!" she said, setting the lamp down. "Miss Helen, what are you doing out of bed? Miss Patricia too? Do you know what hour it is? Now, Miss Annis, what is all this to-do?"

But it was quite impossible for Annis to explain, and, being more frightened than ever, she roared more.

"Let me know what it is this minute!" said nurse, drawing the clothes from her hot face. "What is the matter? Aren't you well? Is it anything the matter with your inside?" For that was always nurse's first



"PATRICIA CAN LOOK AS MAJESTIC IN HER NIGHT-DRESS AS IN HER BEST FROCK." Page 29.

thought, and father used to say that our insides were nurse's battle-horses.

Annis sat up, roaring and choking; she looked round quite helplessly for something to say.

"Is it?" said nurse.

"Yes," cried Annis, with an immense gulp.

I really do not think that she meant to tell a story, for she had cried until she was quite sick and confused. But Patricia was very much shocked. She threw back her hair from her face, as she does when she is going to be dignified, and drew herself up—and Patricia can look quite as majestic in her night-dress as in her best frock.

"It isn't!" she said, very loudly and distinctly, with her head high in the air. "It isn't her inside, nor her outside. She is frightened of something we told her."

Nurse was very angry with us, though she would have been a good deal angrier if she had known all about it. She sent Patricia and me back to bed in disgrace, and smoothed Annis's clothes, and tucked her in, and talked very severely to her. Then she sat sewing in the room until we were

quite quiet, and she thought we were asleep. But I could hear Annis sniffing to herself long afterward, and Patricia had climbed into bed with her head higher than ever, and turned her back on us.

She was very angry, as we found out next morning. She would not speak to Annis at all, and Annis was a little sulky and a good deal frightened. After breakfast Patricia began to come round a little. She whispered to us, "I have imagined a new place for Bogy; such a nice one!"

"Let us go under the table," said Bobby.

Patricia crawled under first, and settled herself against her favorite leg.

"Come in, come in," she said, trying to be hospitable, and holding up the leaf like the flap of a tent. I took the next leg, and Bobby sat near the drawer, hugging his knees.

"Oh, make room for me!" cried Annis, trying to crawl in, and forgetting that she was considered out of favor.

"No," said Patricia, looking out very magnificently; "you listen when we imagine things, and then go and get us into a row."

Now you must stay outside with Paul." And she shut down the flap.

Annis instantly opened her mouth for a good cry, and nurse being in a very short mood that morning, we were obliged to drag her under the table, and hold our hands over her mouth until she was either comforted or choked. Bobby and I had to exert ourselves very much to make things comfortable again, and Patricia was inclined to be very grand all the morning.

But once even Patricia herself was frightened in bed. I am quite glad to say it, because it seemed very hard sometimes that she should never mind at all. Annis happened to be in another room, for she was having measles. It was a very stormy night, and the noises the wind made might have frightened any one who was brave, so I need not say anything about any one who was not.

I heard Patricia raise herself softly on her elbow, and whisper, "Nell."

"Yes," I said, as well as I could from under the pillow where I am ashamed to say that my head was.

"There is such a *horrid* noise at the window, Nell, as if some one were scratching to get in. O-o-oh! Did you hear it then?"

I think I only moaned a little. Then there was a long, dreadful silence, except for the wind outside, and the rustling at the window; and we thought of all the naughty things we had done lately, and wished that we hadn't done them. I was just deciding that I would never pinch Bobby in church again, however much he might pinch me, when Patricia said in a very shaking voice: "Nell, I have been thinking that perhaps it is rather wrong to imagine things about Bogy."

"I dare say it is," I agreed.

"Nell, suppose we don't do it any more."

"Yes, suppose we don't," I said, as thankfully as could be. And feeling more comforted after this, we drew the sheets over our heads, and fell asleep.

But, somehow, things do look quite different in the morning, and after breakfast we went under the table to have a game of imagining, just as usual, not caring to look

at each other, especially after watching Timothy on a ladder, cutting away the Virginia creeper that the storm had blown down from the wall, and nailing up round the window a long branch of Seven Sisters.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT SOME TEA-PARTIES.

FIRST of all, we had measles. Annis had it first, and we all followed, one after another; but we could not help that, whilst it was most foolish and needless of Annis to begin. We were having it for weeks and weeks, and nurse said it was nothing but aggravation to spread it out like that. When we thought one was quite better, another would be ill, and mother and nurse had to begin the nursing again, as if nobody had been better at all, which really was aggravating, not to say anything about us being crossish and tiresome when we were getting better. And Paul and I were very ill, because we caught cold again, for the spring was very late, and then very wet.

So when we were all quite better, poor mother looked so white and tired that father said she must go away for a rest; and he

took her away to Florence and Rome, and we were left with nurse and M'riar, which we did not like at all.

One day nurse was to have a holiday too, and she went to take tea at her old home. M'riar was to have a friend to take tea with her, and it was to be Miss Ann Ellen Chantler. We were quite excited at the thought of seeing her at last, and, to make it more interesting still, we were having a party, too, on the same day. But ours was only a make-believe party, for Patricia had invited us to her house, which she had in the pound.

We had clean pinafores on, and we pinned the doll's jewels on Bobby's jacket for medals, and tied the doll's sashes round Paul, and pretended that it was the Order of the Bath, like the picture of his godfather. We kept arriving on Paul's horse, which Bobby dragged across the floor with a good deal of noise; we imagined that it was a brougham, because you never do see ladies come to parties on horseback, especially without a side-saddle. Last of all Bobby came himself, and stabled the horse under a chair.

Patricia received us very elegantly, as like mother as she could make it, and took us into the grandest corner of her house. There was only one room, so we had to pretend that we did not see the middle, where the feast was arranged in the doll's china on Bobby's drum, because it affronts Patricia dreadfully to see her arrangements before she is ready. While we were talking before the feast, and Patricia was just beginning to be vexed because Bobby would only sit smiling and looking at the things in his pockets, instead of being grand, suddenly the nursery door opened, and Miss Ann Ellen Chantler arrived. We forgot our own party to go to the door of the pound and look as hard as we could with politeness.

I must say that we were disappointed in her. She did not look at all astonishing, but only like M'riar in her best things, only that nurse would never have allowed M'riar to wear such a feather as *that*.

Bobby whispered: "I am sure she isn't at all exciting. Let us go back to the feast;" and we went back.

Patricia led the way to the drum, and we

all sat round it on the floor and began. We enjoyed it pretty well, but the smell of the tea and hot toast came into Patricia's house in a manner that made us a little discontented, and she was a good deal offended because Annis said in a loud whisper, "I don't like warm milk out of the doll's tea-pot. It does taste so tinny," and when Paul said he liked real jam better than raisins saved from dessert and cut up with the nursery scissors.

M'riar and Miss Ann Ellen Chantler talked chiefly about their places, and the visit was not as exciting as we had expected. We made the feast last as long as we could, but at last Bobby said : "Is there no more?"

"You ought to ask in a proper way," said Patricia. "I won't have my feast spoiled."

"I'm sorry," said Bobby, who is a very good-tempered boy. "I didn't mean to spoil it. Mrs. Patricia, is there anything else that I can have?"

"There are a few drops of milk," said Patricia, taking off the lid of the tea-pot and looking in, though she could only look with one eye at a time.

"I mean, do let me give you another cup of tea, dear Major Bobby!"

"Yes, please," said Major Bobby, cheerfully, "but make it sweeter if you can, Mrs. Patricia; it is so nasty when it isn't sweet, and the last was as sour as sour."

"There is no such thing as sour tea," said Patricia, severely, in the way that nurse says it. "It may not be sweet, but it cannot be sour. Admiral Paul, I think you might wait till you are asked before you take any more raisins, when you see that they are nearly gone. Mrs. Helen, my love, do let me fill your cup."

We all passed our cups, though the milk *was* rather cold and very tinny, and Patricia divided it equally amongst us.

"May we divide the sugar too?" asked Annis.

"Yes; I'll do it," said Patricia. "They don't do it after mother's tea, but it is a pity to lose it. Mrs. Helen one, Mrs. Annis one, Major Bobby one, Admiral Paul one, and me one—that's all."

"Is it quite all the feast?" said Bobby. "It seems to have been a very quick one."

"You have eaten everything up in such a hurry," said Patricia, indignantly. "I meant it to last much longer. But push the drum under a chair, Major Bobby, and we will wash the things some other time. Now we are going to imagine that we are Indians in our hut, and I am the chief. Now, Bobby, hush. You can be the next chief. Outside there are wolves—a great many packs of them."

But Annis and Paul soon began to be sleepy and quarrelsome, and M'riar came and put them to bed. *We* were really and truly very sleepy, but we never *offer* to go to bed, however much we may secretly want, because it seems a degradation. I think it is rather curious how you never want to go to bed at night, and never want to get up in the morning.

So we pretended to be quite wide awake, and when Annis and Paul were in bed, M'riar and Miss Ann Ellen Chantler drew their chairs to the fire, and sat talking with their heads close together. We pulled the screen more round us to feel cosey, and sat on the floor, beginning to be very sleepy, and occa-

sionally hearing what they were saying at the fire, though on our honors we did not mean to listen.

I think this was what we noticed first.

"We've got neighbors at last at the house over there that I told you of."

"Why, I wouldn't live there for anything you might name," said Miss Ann Ellen Chantler, dragging her chair nearer to M'riar. "I can't think who would go to live inside those walls."

M'riar dropped her voice, and they whispered. . . .

"And it's no use asking that old gardener anything, for he's that deaf that he can't hardly hear no more than nothing at all. And he wouldn't hear that if he didn't want, not if it was ever so."

M'riar's words kept running into each other, and I began to lose the sense of what she was saying. I was growing dreadfully sleepy, but I tried to keep my eyes open by counting the clover bobs on the wall through the door of the pound; but they seemed to wave about, and the voices at the fire had run into a buzz that sounded far away.

Patricia has long limbs for her age, and she stretched her leg quite out across the pound and poked me with the toe of her shoe.

"Do listen," she said.

Bobby nodded with a rather foolish smile; he was sitting against the wall of the pound, and his head kept dropping down sideways.

"I *have* heard that he is somebody very queer," M'riar was saying. But the clover bobs only waved and danced before my eyes, and the voices sounded fainter and fainter.

Patricia poked me again, and I roused up with a start. Miss Ann Ellen Chantler was just saying, "Well, nobody would live as close in that dreadful old place that has been shut up so long, that hadn't something to hide."

"They do say that he has something to hide," said M'riar, dropping her voice again, and they bent over the fire, and the shadows of their heads nodded on the wall. "They say he is a most dreadful-looking man."

"Dreadful? O Mari-ar! You make me turn quite cold. What like?"

M'riar only whispered.

"He is Bogy," said Patricia, sitting with

her arms and legs quite stiff with horror. "He is Bogy. I am certain of it."

"Well, I dare say, but I can't help it," I said, resignedly ; for I felt that I must go to sleep whatever happened.

"We can't stop him, you know," said Bobby, rather indistinctly, and his head began to fall forward.

"I am very glad he is gone out of our house," I said, trying to be polite to Patricia ; but I said to myself, "Only it will not make the dark much easier."

The clover bobs were waving round the pound like reeds. The fire sank lower and lower ; but M'riar and Miss Ann Ellen Chantler still sat by it, their chairs dragged up to the wire guard, and their heads close together, nodding horribly. It grew darker and darker inside the pound. And at last I believe I must have put my head down on the saddle of Paul's horse ; and from the pins and needles afterward in my knees I think Patricia must have been lying down on me. I remember seeing Bobby's back propped against the wall of the pound, with his head sunk forward, and I know I heard him snore.

And then someone said, it seemed quite in my ear: "Well, I declare! M'riar, if you haven't let them go to sleep on the floor. They'll all catch their deaths! Dear, dear; what a girl to leave in charge!"

And there was nurse in her bonnet lighting the lamp, and Miss Ann Ellen Chantler was gone, and I believe M'riar had fallen asleep after it, with her head on the table and her apron over her head.

Then we were made to get up, though Bobby quite entreated to be left there, and nurse was very angry with us for falling asleep on the floor, and with M'riar for letting us do it, and M'riar was very sulky over it, and we felt very dizzy and sleepy; so our parties did not end as successfully as they might have done.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT THE DAY AFTER.

WE have noticed that the day after a party is generally a cross day; and so, as everybody in the nursery had had some kind of party, everybody was cross the day after.

I am sure nurse was. She does not go away often, but when she does, she thinks everything has gone wrong while she was away, and when she comes back she is more particular than ever. She dressed us so tidily, and washed us so clean, that Annis had cried twice before breakfast.

At breakfast, I am sorry to say that I triumphed over Bobby, because I had more money on my milk than he had, and he kicked me under the table, on the shins, too, which is a very enraging thing. So I smiled at my milk more triumphantly than ever, and I saw Bobby lean back to kick

me again. But I drew my feet up under my chair, and so then he kicked nurse by mistake, in the hardest and most unexpected manner. Of course she did not know that it was meant for me, and perhaps she might not have thought it a very good excuse if she had.

The morning was a bad one on the whole. Paul was very soon put into the pound, for getting into the nursery coal cupboard, and Annis was presently sent to join him, for sucking her thumb, which is forbidden. But as we soon heard her slapping Paul hard inside the pound, nurse had to bring them out. So she folded the screen in zig-zags, and having four flaps, it provided two corners on one side, where she put Annis and Paul, and me on the other; and I am obliged to truthfully tell that I was put there for answering back, which nurse never will bear.

It began to be very solemn in the nursery. We stood there with our hands behind our backs, wondering what nurse would do if Patricia and Bobby did anything naughty.

At last she said: "Now I'm going into the

night nursery to help M'riar, so you may come out, and behave, *do!* "

I came out, and said sulkily to Patricia: "I am going to sit in the window, and look at the rain and imagine things, and then I can't be naughty."

"No," she said. "While I have been made to be good, I have imagined a plan."

"Is it a good one?" said Bobby, beginning to look more hopeful.

"It is a very good one. The only thing is, if nurse sees it, we shall be sent to bed."

Bobby looked more serious.

"It is this," said Patricia. "Let us each get a piece of paper, and write our imaginings about Bogy, now we know where he really is; and then let us have a meeting and read them."

Bobby sprang up in nurse's chair to give the notice of the meeting, for we have read notices in shop windows in Abchurch, and we know how to do them.

"A grand meeting will be—" he began. "It will be under the table. It will be when Mrs. Nurse has shut the night nursery door. It will be Major Bobby in the chair."

Patricia *bristled*, as father calls it. She climbed firmly on another chair, and from that on the table, where she towered above Bobby's head.

"The meeting will be after dinner," she announced very loudly, throwing her hair back, and looking scornfully at Bobby. "It will be Mrs. Patricia in the chair."

Then she had to scramble down in a hurry, because she thought she heard nurse coming. Bobby made himself very square about the shoulders, and prepared for a good, long argument.

So I said quickly, "No collection."

"How foolish you are," said Patricia; "they only say that for religious meetings."

"You are not to give out the meetings at all, Nell, if you cannot do them properly," said Bobby, and forgot the quarrel he had meant to have with Patricia. Then we wrote our papers about Bogy, and took fair turns at the lead-pencil; and I sat in the window to write mine, and looked out at the rain, and wrote a little crookedly on my knee. We hid the papers afterward on the

ledge under the table, for fear nurse should see them.

We did not get dinner over without a little trouble. Of course Paul must choose such a bad day for objecting to have his hands and face washed. He said that he was always being washed, much oftener than he needed, and it was not so nice, he could tell nurse. He was so tiresome that she was put out to begin dinner with. We would *much* rather have dinner with father and mother, so it was we who should have been put out at having to have it in the nursery; but still it was not a favorable time for Bobby to argue with nurse about his fat.

Bobby never could *endure* his fat, and nurse makes us eat up every bit of everything. When he had eaten half his mutton, he laid down his knife and fork, and said he wished that people who gave other people fat for their dinners could be hung upon the gallows-tree. Of course nurse knew it meant her, and it rather vexed her. She said he had no more fat on his plate than was good for him, and she desired he would eat it up at once. Bobby tried to argue it out.

"Fat is nasty," he said. "It looks nasty. It tastes nasty. It *is* nasty. Why should I eat it?"

"Because those that waste come to want," said nurse.

Bobby said that eating that particular piece of fat could not possibly make him feel less hungry when the time of starvation came. But it was no use arguing; he had to eat his fat in the end, which he might have done in the beginning, and perhaps have enjoyed it more, because it would have been warmer. And as nurse said he was thoroughly spoiled, she gave him no pudding afterward, and said he could think over the wickedness of being dainty while we had ours; and either thinking over his wickedness, or having no pudding, made Bobby very gloomy all the afternoon.

After dinner, when nurse was quite safe in her chair, with a most tremendous basketful of socks and stockings to mend (for when you are in knickerbockers and short frocks you do so rub the knees of your stockings out), we went under the table, and drew the cloth down all round us, and began to feel hap-

pier. The public, as Bobby called Paul, was not admitted ; it was playing outside with its horse.

"This meeting is about Bogy," whispered Patricia, taking the chair, which was the table-leg farthest from nurse. Bobby sat under the drawer, hugging his knees, and rather low in his spirits. He had scraped his head in crawling under, and he seemed to think a good deal about his pudding, and it kept him from feeling joyful.

"It is about Bogy, this meeting," said Patricia again. "We have found him out at last. Bogy is *him*, and his castle is the house over there." I felt a little shiver run down my back, and I know the roots of Bobby's hair crept, because he said they always did when the subject was Bogy.

"I have received four papers," said Patricia, beginning to be grand, as she loves to be. "I have folded them all up in the same way. Mrs. Helen, put them between your fingers, and shut your hand, and I will draw one, and read it. Then you may all guess who wrote it. I've drawn this."

Patricia unfolded the paper, and began to

read in a whisper which spoiled the effect, but it was for fear of nurse.

“‘Ladies and Gentleman——’”

“For there is only one gentleman,” said Bobby, looking very satisfied.

“Major Bobby, hush,” said Patricia. “‘Ladies and Gentleman, I am glad to tell you that we know where Bogy is at last, and I am sorry to tell you that his Castle is close to us. It is very mean of him to live there because we lived here before he lived there and Father says be Just before you are Generous. I hope I shall never be grabd but if I am I shall say will you fite, and then I may kill him. sined, Major Bobby, by order.’”

“Hear, hear,” said Bobby, loudly.

“I do think you needn’t hear-hear your own, Major Bobby,” said Patricia, scornfully. “It seems very vain. I sha’n’t hear-hear mine. I’m drawing another. Now hush.”

“That’s Annis’s,” said Bobby, confidently, “for she has written it on one of her own curl-papers.”

“You oughtn’t to guess till the end,” said Patricia, frowning him down. “It is short,

because the person does not know much spelling."

"She does not know much writing either," remarked Bobby.

"You oughtn't to look over the shoulder of the one in the chair; they never do at meetings. But I think the person might have ruled lines. I am beginning. 'the thing i am most afrade of is bogy's bag i carnt bare black bags i do wish there was no bogy but marier says there is so i can not put eny more.'"

"Hear, hear," said Bobby, quite fairly, to show that he liked other people's as well as his own.

Then Patricia drew again, and I saw that it was mine, and in my excitement I leaned forward until I fell over on Bobby, who helped me up with a good thump, but for friendliness, not for unkindness.

"This meeting knows that Bogy has come to live at the house over there, so it is no use telling it so. I must say I am glad that he has gone out of our house, but I wish he would go quite away, and live with some one else, and I hope that is not selfish. Now I

have immagened what Bogy is like. Maria says that he looks dredful, so I have immagened that he has one of everything—one eye, one arm, one leg. If that is not dredful, I cannot think of anything more. I remane yours truely Mrs. Helen.’”

“Hear, hear,” said Bobby.

“This is the last paper,” said Patricia. “I shall not tell whose it is. It is called ‘Bogy.’ ‘Now we know all about Bogy at last. Proper people do not live shut up, so he must be him. We wish we knew about his ways, paticerlerly when he goes to sleep, because we would go out then. Not any of us have seen him yet, but we know about him, because Maria says it. We may see him soon now, because he has come to live at the house over there. Partly I shall like to see him, and partly I shall be afraid. Mrs. Patricia, who is in the chair at this meeting.’”

“Hear, hear,” said Bobby.

“And that is all,” said Patricia. “I think they sounded very nice, quite like a real meeting. Now we are going to talk them over.”

The meeting was a very interesting one,

and only broke up because it was tea-time, not because we had no more to say. And I do not think that the public was listening on purpose, but I believe it must have heard, all the same.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT PAUL.

"WIND me up," said Patricia.

Bobby is really a biddable boy if he can be kept from arguing, and he began to wind very steadily.

"Wind me up tight," said Patricia, "because I spin so much better. *Fearfully* tight, if you please. Wind until it pinches."

"How shall I know when it pinches?"

"I shall scream, of course," said Patricia, sensibly. "When I scream, let go."

Bobby set his back against the pear-tree, and began to wind. It was our old swing in the orchard. We had a proper swing in another part of the garden, but it was rather high, and after Annis had fallen out on her face, and cut her nose, and knocked a tooth out, and Bobby had nearly flown over the top, that swing was forbidden. So Timothy

made us another in the old Bon Chrétien that never bore any fruit, and as the swing was low, and the orchard was all grass, it did not signify so much about falling out. It would have been a very good swing but for one thing. Timothy is a man who has what Macpherson calls a very crooked eye, and so I suppose he could not help hanging the swing crooked. It did not look bad when the ropes hung still, but when you began to swing, it was really quite surprising. It used to swerve suddenly, and jerk you backward very fast and very crooked; and, oh! how it does hurt to have the back dashed hard against a tree-trunk!

So we did not use it for swinging as much as might have been supposed, but it did very well for rigging when we imagined that the Bon Chrétien was a ship. We used it chiefly for another sort of swinging that Patricia was very fond of—I mean being wound up to the top of the ropes, and then being let go to spin as fast as they will unwind to the bottom. I do not care much for it myself; it makes me feel rather queer when I get out, besides staggering when I try to walk;



"WITH MY ELBOWS IN THE GRASS." Page 50.

but then my mind is not as strong as Patricia's, nor my head as hard as Bobby's. They always enjoyed it very much, and used to spend hours in the orchard winding each other up and down.

Annis was sitting under the russet tree trimming her sun-bonnet with grass, and I was at the other side of the Bon Chrétien, lying face downward, with my elbows in the grass, reading the "Swiss Family Robinson," and imagining it with the people out of the Noah's Ark.

We used to be very fond of carrying the people out of the Noah's Ark in our pockets, to have them at hand when we wanted to imagine people for our desert islands, and Indian villages, and such places. They were rather difficult to distinguish for any one who was not used to them, but we knew Noah by his flat blue hat, and the paint had washed off his wife and left her face like the back of her head. Shem was pale pink, Ham was yellow, Japheth was the color of a red cart, and the wives were green, brown, and white. We loved carrying them about with us for populations, but it sometimes

made things disagreeable when nurse emptied our pockets when she shook the frocks at night.

I must say I do hope I shall soon be old enough to have my pockets to myself. It is very hurting to the feelings (besides having the things taken away) when nurse turns out green apples, or string for cat's cradle, or empty snail shells to sail in the wash-basin, or a fiddle made of a chip and elastic out of the sides of boots. Only then, you see, by the time I am old enough to manage my own pockets I shall have given over carrying interesting things in them; for we have noticed that grown-up people always do. And, worse than that, they give over understanding why the things are interesting; just as when Bobby was quite a little boy nurse used to threaten to sew his pockets up if he would carry so many things in them, not even trying to understand that he carried everything about with him that he could think of, for fear of being unexpectedly cast on a desert island.

Paul was standing by me and looking on at my imagining game with a very serious

face. He only wore a little frock then, and nurse made him blouses like smock frocks. His hat was always hanging on the back of his neck, and his socks were always fallen over his shoes.

"Let go!" screamed Patricia.

Bobby let go and bounded out of the way, while the swing flew round at a terrific rate. It ought not to have come near our side of the tree, but, being such a crooked swing, it swung jerkily, and Patricia's legs sticking stiffly out as she flew round and round, with her hands clinging to the ropes and her hair streaming behind, her shoes caught Paul suddenly in his waist, and knocked him over like a nine-pin. Of course Patricia did not mean to do it, and Paul had such a short distance to tumble that he was not really hurt, but it was his feelings that were wounded. Bobby made it worse by bursting into a laugh at his astonished face when he found himself on the ground, and Paul will bear anything but being laughed at. He got up very slowly and majestically, and walked away. Patricia looked round for him when she had finished her spin, but he had gone

away, and we did not see him for the rest of the afternoon.

Bobby and Patricia wound each other up and down, and I went on with the "Swiss Family Robinson," and Annis finished her bonnet and put it on, and walked about in it, holding a dock-leaf over her head for a sunshade, and, I think, imagining that she was mother.

It was about five o'clock, and the sun was beginning to get level with the stable roofs. Patricia and I were standing on the orchard gate, swinging and talking, just before we went in to tea. By and by some one came down the orchard, walking very slowly.

It was Paul, a funny little figure in a holland blouse, with his hat on his neck, and his socks fallen down over his ankles. He had a very long switch in his hand, with just two leaves at its end, and he carried it drooping downward. He came very deliberately under the trees, and, when he got close to the gate, he stood still and looked at us as if he had forgotten us, and was trying to remember what we were.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?"
I said.

He laid down his switch, pulled up his socks carefully, picked the switch up, and looked gravely in our faces, with this surprising speech.

"I have seen Bogy. I went out of my little door, and he came out of his big door. He stood and watched the clouds racing. He has a black thing on his face, but not a bag over his back, and one arm, so Nell is quite right, but only he has two legs. And the Great Bear was there too, but not the Middle Bear nor the Little Bear."

So then we knew that he had heard us when we had our last meeting about Bogy, and also we knew that this tale was all imagined, because we have no gate anywhere near Bogy's castle, and Paul could not have seen any one like Bogy in our garden.

"You are telling stories, and you know you aren't to," said Patricia, severely. Then we went into the house, and nurse began to wash our hands and faces for tea. She was rather short, as M'riar called it, that evening; I remember that she found the "Swiss

Family Robinson" stuffed in the front of my pinafore, and mentioned it for quite three minutes.

We were all ready but Paul, and nurse was washing his face very hard with a big sponge.

"What is for tea?" said Annis, in a whisper, peeping into the day nursery, for though she always knew that it would be only bread and butter, she seemed to think that there was no harm in hoping. But to-day Bobby was dancing behind nurse's back, and saying, "Fat rascals! Fat rascals!" for cook was more good-natured than nurse, and did sometimes try to send us a little treat upstairs.

"Nurse," said Paul, rolling his head to avoid the sponge, "does anybody hold you by the top of your head when your face is washed?"

"No; seeing that I don't require it," said nurse.

"I don't like it either," said Paul.

"Then be still."

"I will be still," said Paul, seriously. "I will stand on this side of the bowl, and you

shall stand on that side, and I will hold my face up, and you shall wash it with the sponge—gently.”

“Well, be still,” said nurse.

She took a wet wipe all round his face, and Paul only winked, and tried to think of something else; and I saw the imagining look come into his face. Nurse dipped the sponge into the water, and dabbed at his mouth; but just as it came to his lips, Paul threw his head back, and looked up.

“I have seen Bogy,” he said, distinctly. “I went out of my little door, and he came out of his big door. He stood and watched the clouds racing. He has a black thing on his face, but not a bag over his back, and one arm, so Nell was quite right, but only he has two legs. And the Great Bear was there, but not the Middle Bear nor the Little Bear.”

Perhaps it was because the water had gone down her sleeve that nurse was so angry. She held Paul by the top of his head, and washed him harder than ever, and wiped him in a way that I should not have liked myself, and all the time spoke to him very warningly

about untruths. And when he was rubbed dry, he was put into the pound, with his milk and bread and butter, and no fat rascal, and we sat down to tea.

We were rather silent, after the example that had just been made of Paul, and Bobby, who always wins if we arrange a secret race at meals, had eaten as much bread and butter as nurse required, and had got to his fat rascal, when a melancholy voice said from the inside of the pound, "Nell."

"Yes," I said.

"Is the rascals good?"

"Yes," I said.

"Thick?"

"Yes."

"Big?"

"Yes."

We heard him sigh, and through the little opening we saw his finger counting the acorn cups inside the pound. Bobby hurried on with his rascal for fear anything should happen before he could finish it.

"Nell," said the voice again.

"Yes?"

"Werry good?"

"Yes; I am afraid they are," I said, though I was quite sorry to tell him so.

Paul sighed again, and said to the corner of the pound: "Now I will be good, if I may come out."

"Will you tell no more of those horrid untruths?" said nurse.

"No," said Paul, mournfully.

Nurse brought him out and set him in his chair with a bounce, telling him to remember where people go who tell untruths. Paul wriggled himself comfortable, and his face began to clear up. He got to his rascal time at last. He took a bite slowly, to enjoy it properly; took a long drink without stopping, and rested after it. His eyes went round the table, and he began to think of something to say. I saw the look come into his face.

"There's a wasp in the sugar!" I shouted, but Paul was before me.

"I have seen Bogy," he said, clearly. "I went out of my little door, and he came out of his big door. He stood and watched the clouds racing——"

Nurse was dreadfully angry. She took

him away and put him to bed that moment, and I could not help feeling sorry, for though he *would* tell stories, it seemed brave to persist in it when he is so very fond of fat rascals too.

Afterward I slipped into the night nursery to speak to him. He was not asleep, but wide awake, and sitting up in bed, holding his toes and looking out of the window.

"Paul, dear, why don't you lie down?" I said.

"I am considering," he said, in a very dignified way.

"You ought to go to sleep, you know you ought."

"Who eated my rascal?"

"Nobody."

"I didn't either," he said, and sighed.

"Well, you know it was your own fault. You *will* tell stories. Why were you so naughty?"

"I wasn't naughty."

"It is naughty to tell stories. If mother were at home she would be so sorry to know that you had been sent to bed again for doing it."

"I'm not," said Paul, very loud. "I *do* be in bed, but I don't be telling stories."

I did not dare to stay any longer, and I knew I could do nothing with him in that mood, so I went toward the door. When I opened it, I looked round and said: "Good-night."

He was sitting bolt upright in bed, with the obstinate look in his face. "I have seen Bogy. I went out of my little door——"

And I really did not know what to say, so I went out and left him.

Paul is a very funny boy. I think he is generally very good, but also he is rather difficult to manage. For one thing, he is not very strong; he was more ill than any of us at the time of the measles, and it is rather hard to punish any one who looks so little and white in the face. Not that he often needs to be punished. He can always amuse himself alone, as Bobby never could, and if he is left to himself he gives nobody any trouble, but if you meddle with him he begins to be odd and obstinate.

But the worst part about Paul is that he *will* tell stories. Not exactly ordinary

stories, such as denying things when you are afraid, because he never was a coward in his heart, and is not at all afraid of owning his naughty things, but he *will* tell long tales about things that never could have happened to him. It was found out when he was quite a little boy, and it has given mother and nurse so much trouble. I do believe that he does not mean them for stories. He is really a very clever little boy, much cleverer than Bobby, and he learns everything too fast; and I always think that he is only imagining things so hard that he feels obliged to tell them, just as we are all so fond of "imagining;" only Paul, of course, ought not to mix it up with real truth, as he does.

But still I do not like to say anything against him, for I think I am most *friends* with Bobby, but I think I *love* Paul most.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT THE HAW.

YOU see, it began with us getting into mischief. It is rather a pity to have to own it, but still it is true.

One hot afternoon in June, after father and mother had come home, we were playing at savages in the orchard, with a heap of old pea-sticks for our wigwams. We were enjoying it very much, but we had not been able to find Paul when we began to play, which was tiresome, because only four savages are rather few, especially when we want to make a good noise. And though Paul cannot always understand our imagining games that we have taken from books, he does very well to fill up, and be tribe, or something of that sort.

So at last I said: "This is so stupid, to have no one to leave to take care of my wigwam when I go out to fight. Patricia has

Annis, and Bobby has nobody, because of being a boy and hitting harder, but what have I got? I shall go and find Paul."

"We will all come, too," said Patricia. "We can cool down while we find him;" and she fanned herself with her pinafore, for savages is a game that needs a good deal of exertion.

"I think he went round to the wood-house to talk to Timothy," said Bobby; and we all ran, one after each other, out of the orchard. When we got down the shrubbery walk, there was Paul, coming out from amongst the laurels on his hands and knees, as if he had been crawling. He stood up when he saw us, but he looked rather odd, and very dirty about the hands and knees. Also the front of his blouse was torn.

"Where have you been?" said Bobby, pouncing on him.

"Let me go," said Paul, energetically, for he does not like any one to take liberties with him. "Let me go amegantly!"

"Then say where you have been," ordered Patricia. "If you don't, I dare say we might have to tell somebody."

"I have went in the haw," said Paul, sulkily.

"Oh, Paul, not really!" I could not help saying. He nodded.

"I have went often," he said.

"Nell, he is only telling stories," warned Patricia.

Paul shook his head very hard.

"Well, you know you couldn't get into the haw from the garden, when we haven't got a gate into it at all."

"I have my little door," said Paul.

"Nell, it is no use talking to him any longer. He is only telling stories," said Patricia.

"No; I *have* went into the haw!" shouted Paul, stamping.

"Then how did you get there?" said Patricia, putting on her magisterial look. We have never seen father on the bench, but we feel quite sure that he has exactly that look, because Patricia is so like him in the face—though not in anything else. I am often very proud of Patricia, and always very fond of her, but Bobby and I have agreed that sometimes she does get rather ordering; it

always puts Bobby into an arguing mood, and Paul into an obstinate one. He began to look stubborn.

"Paul, dear," I said, as coaxingly as I could, "do be a nice little boy, and tell us how you got into the haw."

"Through an 'ole," he said, sulkily, frowning at Patricia.

"A hole where?"

"An 'ole in the hedge."

"Oh, Paul; it is the yew hedge, and yards thick; you know it is."

"There *is* an 'ole," he said, obstinately.

"Well, do you think you could show us?"

"I don't know," he said, gloomily. "I think I don't want to show you." Then he suddenly brightened up, because he is not an ill-natured little boy. "I'll show *you*," he said. "Let you and me go into the haw now."

"But the others want to come too, Paul, dear."

"Werry well," he said, quite generously; and he went down on his hands and knees, and began to crawl into the shrubbery. We all followed very solemnly, for we knew that

if we laughed he would stop. We went on quite through the shrubs; it was a nice little arched passage, and looked like a place that the dogs might have made in running through the shrubbery. It began to be exciting. Paul crawled along quite confidently, as if he knew all about it, winding in and out, and sometimes lying almost flat and wriggling, for the shrubs were very thick. We came to the hedge at last. There was no hole, as we knew perfectly well, for it is an old yew hedge, very thick and high, and growing down to the ground like a green wall.

"There!" said Bobby, stopping and sitting back on his feet. "I was sure it was stories, and now we shall have to tell, and you know what will happen."

"Oh!—well, I beg your pardon, and, I say, how jolly!"

For Paul was taking no notice of him, but had found the place he wanted, and had pulled one of the branches back. There *was* a neat little round door.

"Get out of the way," said Bobby, in great delight. "We are all coming out at once."

So we all crawled through into the haw, and the branch closed behind us, and we were outside.

We saw in a moment that it was one of the nicest places in the world. We had never been there before, because we had no gate into it, and nobody knew whether it really belonged to father, or to the house over there; and a long time ago there was a quarrel about it.

It was just a long, narrow piece of waste ground, with a cart-road running through the middle of it; but the ruts were all overgrown with grass, because it only led to fields. It lay on a little slope where the sunshine came, and all about the haw were furze-bushes, quite yellow with flowers, and shining in the sun. It was so warm there, and so quiet, except for the bees humming amongst the furze, and that was only a sleepy sound; and there was a breath of wind, that only made the smell of the furze stronger. We loved the haw from the first moment.

On the other side of the haw was a high brick wall, and opposite to us were black

doors in it, and we stood and looked at them, for we had seen the top of the wall from the branches of the Bon Chrétien tree, and we knew quite well that *this* was an entrance to Bogy's castle.

Over the doors hung, I should think, the biggest hawthorn that ever was seen. It was very old, and bent, and twisted, and it hung over the doors like a bower, much too pretty for an entrance to Bogy's castle. The doors rather required to be painted, and I am afraid that it was we who burst the bubbles as high as we could reach them, while we stood there.

It curved in a little to the doors, but it was all grassy before them, as if nobody ever opened them. The hawthorn-tree grew on the other side of the wall, but it was so big and twisted that it hung down on the outside; and it was flowering time, and the grass was covered with the little white leaves.

"I do wonder what it is like inside," I said, in a low voice, as we stood bursting the last of the bubbles with our fingers. "When I look at the doors, I cannot help thinking

of Bogy waiting for me inside; and then I begin to feel my backbone very curious. Do you?"

"I know what you mean," Bobby said. "It feels very nasty. I do not know whether it is being a coward."

"I am not afraid," said Patricia, smoothing down her pinafore, and tossing her head.

"I am, rather," I owned. "I don't think I dare burst any more bubbles."

"I would burst one if there was one left," said Bobby. "But there isn't."

And I thought he seemed rather relieved.

"Dare anybody knock at the door?" said Patricia.

It is a very unpleasant thing to be dared. Either you must own that you are afraid, which is not agreeable, or you must do the thing, which is worse. I did the first of the two. I said, "*I* daren't," and then I thought no one could expect me to do it.

Patricia tossed her head more, and said: "*I* dare, if I want to do it."

"Then *do* it," said Bobby.

Patricia lifted the iron ring, and let it fall

again, very softly ; but it had knocked, and Bobby could not say that it had not. And just as she did it, I shouted, "Bogy!"

It was only for fun, but everybody rushed, and Annis was half way through our hedge before we burst out laughing. Then we did it again. Bobby knocked, and we shouted "Bogy!" and tried which could be first through the gap. After that Patricia said: "I think we won't play at this game any more just now. I have torn the front of my sun-bonnet. I don't know what nurse will say."

"Yes, let us go up the haw now," said Bobby; "but, first, Nell ought to knock, too, to be fair."

"She daren't," said Patricia, scornfully.

"I dare," I said, for by this time I thought that if Patricia could do it safely, I could ; so I walked to the door, and lifted the ring, and knocked.

And then—then the door of Bogy's castle opened, and Bogy came out.

We saw him. And Paul had *not* told a story that day ; it was every word true, for Bogy had a most dreadful black thing on his

face, and he had only one arm, but he had two legs, and the nose of a great animal came round them.

It took us a moment to get our breaths, and then we all screamed "Bogy!" in real earnest, but nobody could have told what we said. I am sure I never saw Annis do anything so well in her life as the way in which she got through the gap. She took a little run from the middle of the cart-ruts, we saw a pair of shoes kicking for a moment, and that was all. Patricia was the next nearest, and her head was through the gap in a second, close behind Annis's heels; but she is rather a big girl for her age, and a smothered shriek plainly told that she had stuck fast. I saw Patricia plunging and screaming, "Oh, I'm fast! I'm fast!" and Bobby thumping her and saying, "Get in or come out! Get in or come out!" and then, as I ran, I caught my foot in the deepest rut, and rolled over and over in the middle of the haw.

It seemed as if I had been on the ground for hours, but it could only have been a minute, for when I lifted my head up and

rubbed the dust out of my eyes, Patricia was still kicking, half in the garden and half in the haw, and Bobby was still first drawing her out and then pushing her in, while we could hear a stifled voice shouting, "Pull, Annis, pull! Bobby, if you don't give over, I'll tell nurse!"

The first thing I remember was feeling something cold and wet on my neck. It was the nose of the great animal smelling at me. I think I screamed, and then some one pushed him away, and some one also put a hand under my arm and lifted me up. I could not run away now, and I did not know how to faint, so I stood and trembled.

It was Bogy who had lifted me up, and the animal was a great, shaggy dog, as Paul had seen in a moment, like nothing but the picture of the Great Bear in the tale of the Three Bears.

And then Bogy stooped down and said: "Do not be frightened, little one. He will not touch you. Are you hurt?"

When I saw the black thing so close to my face, I put my hands before my eyes,

and shook my head, and tried to turn away. He pretended not to know what I was afraid of, and said : "My doggie is very sorry to have frightened you. He is waiting to shake hands."

I *was* afraid of Bogy, but I was not afraid of ordinary dogs, and I opened my eyes and put out my hand. The Great Bear hung his tongue out sideways, and trampled with his forefeet, pawing the air like a lion. It looked fierce, but it was really only politeness. I shook hands with him, and still I went on living and being safe. Then I looked round for the others, and found that Paul had never run away at all, but was standing in the middle of the haw, with his hands behind his back, looking calmly at Bogy. When Bobby saw it, of course he was vexed with himself, and came back to protect me. Then Patricia came backward out of the gap, with her bonnet more torn than before ; and then Annis crawled out of the garden, because, as Bobby says, she will have her oar in everything, whether it is nice or nasty.

Bogy had no bag with him, to be sure, but

that might only have been because it was not dark.

"But why did you knock?" he said.

We looked at each other with very red faces.

"We were only playing. We hope you will not be angry," said Patricia, quite humbly.

"But did you want me?"

"Oh, no," said Bobby, hastily; "we didn't *at all* want you. Only we said Nell daren't knock, and she said she dare, and—that's all."

"But what was there to be afraid of?" asked Bogy, and he smiled.

There was a long silence.

"There was you. We are afraid of you, Bogy, please."

It was Annis who said it. I suppose she thought that as no one answered she must, but even then Patricia and I wished she had not done it. Bogy stood quite still for a whole minute, and never spoke. He had a great black shade over his eyes, and it covered most of his face, but we could see his lips. On one side Bogy had an empty

coat-sleeve, and on the other an arm like anybody else's, and it hung down without moving, until the Great Bear sniffed at his hand, and then Bogy smiled at us again.

He said: "But we are not very dreadful bogies, Ursa Major and I. We are very fond of little girls and boys."

"Is that your dog's name?" said Paul, very slowly and distinctly, for he had not seemed at all disturbed from the beginning.

"Yes; his name is Ursa Major. And what is yours, my little man?"

"It is Paul," he answered, solemnly. "What is yours?"

"Bogy," he said, and he laughed. "So you are my little neighbors, are you?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "I am Bobby Scrope, this is Patricia, this is Helen, this is Annis, this is Paul. There are no more."

"This is I," said Bogy, "and this is Ursa Major. And there are no more. Ursa, shake hands with these young ladies and gentlemen."

The Great Bear shook hands with us all, and trampled and pawed with friendliness.

"What sort of a dog is he?" asked Bobby.

"I am afraid he is no sort in particular," said Bogy. "He is only a very faithful old friend. He nosed you under the door before you knocked."

"Were you waiting behind it?" asked Annis.

"Waiting for what?"

"For us—to grab us, you know," explained Annis, and Patricia said afterward that she could have beaten her for it.

"Not at all," said Bogy. "I came out to look at my big thorn."

"We never saw such a big one anywhere else," said Patricia, frowning fearfully at Annis, and then turning to Bogy with a polite smile, and trying to put the torn flap of her bonnet-front aside in an easy and graceful manner.

"I have some more inside," said Bogy, looking at the hawthorn—and when he looked, he had to hold his head quite backward to be able to see it. "They are all in bloom now. Will you come and look at them?"

We drew back a little. We might be obliged to speak to Bogy, but we certainly

might not want to be enticed into his castle. He did not look or speak quite as we had fancied, but that might have been only his artfulness. So Patricia began to say, "No, thank you," and I think I should have said the same thing.

But Paul is a very funny boy, and he sometimes does the oddest and most unexpected things. He looked calmly up in Bogy's face till he was satisfied, and then very deliberately crossed over the ruts, and slipped his hand into Bogy's.

"I will," he said.

That is one of the odd things about Paul, that he always knows at first, in spite of being quite a little boy, whether he likes a person or not. And I suppose he must have a feeling that we have not got, for I never knew him to be mistaken; the people he likes *always* turn out to be the nice ones and the good ones. I have thought since that it was the way he behaved on that first day that made Bogy always so fond of him afterward.

"Yes, let us go and look at the thorns," he said, and they went through the doorway

hand in hand, and the Great Bear followed them quite properly. Then, of course, we were ashamed, and went too.

The doors opened into a long, wide walk, quite straight, and leading up to the old house at the end; there was green on each side, and growing in the grass were hawthorn trees, one after another, all the way up to the door of the house. The trees were all in bloom, and every time the wind tossed the branches, down came a shower of little round leaves, till the grass was almost covered. The old white one was the biggest, but they were all big, and there were white, and pale pink, and deep pink, and dark red, and single, and double; and the branches were covered with the flowers as thickly as with snow, and they hung down to the daisies in the grass. Bogy and Paul walked up to the end, and we walked after them, with the Great Bear, talking to him until we felt quite friendly.

"And when you go over the grass to those big trees, where does it go to?" asked Paul.

"That goes to my garden," said Bogy.

"Will you come and see my garden some day?"

"I will," said Paul, decidedly. "I will come to-morrow."

"You mean, we will ask mother," said Patricia, severely. So then we walked back between the hawthorns until we came to the doors, and stopped to look at the big old white one again, and Bogy stood talking to us about the thorns. He told us about the Glastonbury thorn that only flowered at Christmas, and then about the miraculous walnut-tree that was at Glastonbury too, and only budded on Saint Barnabas' Day; and so it was time for us to go in to tea long before we could have thought it.

"And I have been thinking," said Patricia, as we crawled back through our hedge, "and I believe we have been rather foolish, and perhaps he is not Bogy at all, but just a gentleman like anybody else—only an ugly one."

"I don't know whether he is Bogy or not," said Bobby, "but I think he is a very interesting person, and his castle is interestinger still."

Patricia behaved very well then ; I shall always think so, for it was not pleasant to her feelings. She stood up as we came to the edge of the shrubbery, and threw her head back, and said : " Paul, you *weren't* telling stories on the day I said you were. I was wrong, and I beg your pardon."

I cannot say that Paul quite understood it, but Patricia had done it all the same. For that is just like Patricia. She loves to have her own way, and is often very ordering to us ; but if she is left to herself to consider things, she does what she thinks she ought, whether she likes it or not, and comes all right in the end.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT BOGY'S CASTLE.

DEAR father will let us do almost anything. When we ask mother for things, he always laughs and says: "Oh, bless them, yes!" But mother often waits to consider it before she will promise, and, though it is quite different from father's way, we know that it will be all right, because there is no one in the world at all like mother.

We told her about Bogy and his garden; but perhaps it was a little mean that we did not call him Bogy to her. We told her the same evening, and asked if we might go to see his garden in the morning. And Patricia said, when we were going to bed, that she wondered why mother had said yes immediately, even before father said a word about it. But mother said that she knew about the gentleman who had come to live at the

old house, and we might go to see his garden whenever he asked us, but we must never be naughty or rough there, because it was a great honor to us to be asked. We supposed that was because he was quite grown-up and we were not at all so.

We went the next morning, quite comfortably, in our every-day clothes, with the little exception of nurse dragging Paul back to put on a clean blouse. She also said that Bobby's hands were a shame and a disgrace to him, but whilst she was busy with Paul he escaped without washing them. I cannot say it made him look much better, but it did seem to make him feel much happier. We went and waited in the haw until Bogy came out to see how blue the sky was over his big hawthorn tree. He nodded to us in the friendliest way, and asked if we were coming into his garden.

"Yes," cried Paul, running across the cart-ruts in a great hurry, with his hat hanging round his neck, as if it might soon have been too late.

"We are all coming, thank you very much," said Patricia, politely. "Mother

says we may if we don't trouble you. Do we trouble you?"

"Not at all," said Bogy, cheerfully; and he took Paul's hand, and led us inside the walls of his castle and up the hawthorn walk.

All round Bogy's house there were old lawns of grass with beech-trees round them, and in the grass under the trees there were snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, and anemones, that grew not in patches of two or three, but in sheets, for afterward we saw them one after another. Before the house there was a lawn so old and mossy that your feet sank into it as you walked; at one end was the house, with a row of gray gables in the roof and long windows that opened on the grass; at the other end there was a low brick wall with a wide gateway, and then you went down three stone steps into Bogy's garden.

And when you got there it was the most beautiful old garden that ever was seen. We sighed for joy when we saw it; we nearly *screamed*. It was divided here and there by yew hedges, so that we kept finding one new place after another; and it seemed to lie all



"DOWN THREE STONE STEPS INTO BOGY'S GARDEN " Page 92.

in a warm hollow sheltered by the beech-trees, where there was no wind but nearly always sun. The soil looked as if it had been a garden for hundreds of years, and the plants grew, and grew, and grew, and were never disturbed. We saw whole beds of lilies-of-the-valley, clove carnations, burning bush, fleurs-de-lis, moss and cabbage roses, what we call thump lilies, because we thump each other on the backs with the heads, but what mother calls day lilies, and crown imperials, and the double sort that are called crown-upon-crown, and more old-fashioned plants and shrubs than I can remember. Bobby looked round at them all and sighed.

"Did you make all this garden yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Bogy said. "This is a very old garden, as you can see. I have only put in my favorite plants since I came. I came here because of the garden."

"I never saw such a beautiful place in all my life," I said, as earnestly as I could. "May we go down the walks?"

Bogy said that we might go wherever we liked. He went with us and showed us all

the nicest plants, and told us all about them.

Bobby began by saying: "Do you mind us asking a few questions? It is a thing, you know, that nurse will not allow."

Bogy said that he did not mind it in the least, and after this was settled, I must say that we asked more than a few. We found that Bogy knew more things about plants than any one we had ever known before, and he told us what countries they had first come from, and how they had been discovered, and about the travels of great botanists and plant-hunters. How we did enjoy it!

Then he took us to his herb garden, for he had a real old herb garden—so old, and funny, and pretty. There were yew hedges all round it, to keep out the winds, and you went in through archways cut in them. Inside it was all grass, and the beds were cut in it as if they were a pack of cards laid down. There was an ace of hearts set with marigolds, and a seven of spades with rosemary, and a three of diamonds with lavender, and a seven of hearts with rue, and an ace of clubs with bergamot, and so on with tansy,

and thyme, and sage, and horehound, and balm, and pennyroyal, and angelica, and more herbs than I ever heard of.

Peter Grimes lived behind the herb garden in a very low white cottage, with a thatched roof with eaves where the swallows built one under another, for Peter Grimes would not have the nests touched. He had bees, too—a long row of hives, with a bed of borage in front and another row of hollyhocks behind, for he said the bees were fond of them. Peter Grimes was the gardener who had lived in the cottage long before Bogy came to the house, but we had not known him before. He was a very nice old man when you got to know him really well. His deafness made him seem sulky, but he was not; only he was very much offended if you thought he was deaf.

The first time we saw him he was working in Bogy's herb garden as we went through it, and Bobby immediately stood still and began to talk to him, and ask questions, as he always will if he is allowed to do it. Peter Grimes kept saying, "Eh? eh?" until at last Bobby shouted as hard as he could :

"I was saying—my mustard and cress—did not come up—this year—I wonder *why*?"

"Summat fails most years," Peter Grimes said, suddenly growing very stiff. "Last year it was the radishes. And I'm not hard of hearing."

Bobby blushed till his very ears were red.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you were."

"Well, I'm not," said Peter Grimes, huffily.

"I beg your pardon," repeated Bobby, holding out his hand. "I very much beg it."

So Peter Grimes said more condescendingly: "No offence meant, cannot be took." Then he looked at his own hand rather doubtfully, rubbed it down the right leg of his trousers, and shook Bobby's hand, and after that they were always good friends.

We came to the nicest part of Bogy's garden last. We went under an arch that was made by two great cedars of Lebanon, and found ourselves in another little garden shut in by the hedges.

It was so silent there that it might have been miles and miles away from anybody living—there were only some wood pigeons cooing in the trees. It never looked like a common garden, even before Bogy told us what it meant, it was so sunny, and old, and silent, and the air was very still and sweet. There were no walks, but it was all grass, and the beds lay round about in the grass, and there was a big old sun-dial in the middle of the garden.

We sat on the steps of the sun-dial while Bogy told us what this garden was, as he said his godmother had explained it to him when he was a little boy, and she lived at the old house. It was full of plants dedicated to the saints, so that there was a flower for every saint, to bloom on the proper day. It was a place quite different from any other; it seemed to us from the first as if we ought to talk in low voices there, almost as if it were a church.

“And my godmother used to tell me, when I was a little boy,” Bogy said to us, “that when this old house was a priory, as I was telling you just now, this garden was a

small graveyard. I do not know whether it is true or not, but my godmother believed it, and would never let this place be disturbed. It's name is the 'Saints' Rest.'" . . .

"I feel like the Queen of Sheba," said Bobby, despondingly, when we were going back down the hawthorn walk at last.

Bogy smiled, and asked why.

"Because when she had seen Solomon's things there was no more spirit in her, you know," said Bobby, very precisely, for it takes him a long time to learn a thing, but he never forgets it afterward. "There is no more spirit left in me. I think it is no use for us to go on messing with our little gardens."

"Ah, but there you are wrong," said Bogy; "for where would my old garden have been if some one had never begun it? Some one must begin in everything."

"Yes, I see," said Bobby, slowly; "but I don't know that it is much use for me to begin things of any kind, because of them getting done so slowly. I might never see the end of them."

"But they will be done for some one else," said Bogy.

- Bobby is a very truthful boy. He even says things that he need not, because he will never let people think anything untrue about him. So he looked up in Bogy's face, quite steadily, but beginning to be a little red in the face.

"But I would rather have things nice for myself than for any one else," he said.

"Ah," said Bogy, quietly, looking down at Bobby as steadily as he looked up. "But a gentleman not often thinks of himself."

Bobby stood with his hands behind him, looking up at Bogy, without a word, for two or three moments; and then the red in his face rose higher and higher, until it reached his hair.

"I am not enough a gentleman yet," he said; "but perhaps I might grow to be more."

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT A REAL TEA-PARTY.

THE most exciting thing that had ever happened to us was when Bogy invited us to tea. Grizzle brought the note (he was Bogy's old servant, *we* called him Grizzle); it was addressed to Patricia in the most interesting manner possible. *She* was so pleased. When mother saw the note, she smiled, and said we might go, but Patricia must write a proper answer. So she did; at least, we all helped. We got some paper from the library, and went under the nursery table, and made it up. We enjoyed it extremely.

Patricia took the chair, and sat with the paper on her knees, and wrote with a pencil that needed to be wetted rather often. We had, also, M'riar's "Polite Letter Writer," which she had lent to us. It did not look as if she used it much herself, but she was very

much flattered when we borrowed it, and Patricia thought it might help us.

"What shall I put first?" asked Patricia.

"'Dear Bogy,'" said Bobby, who is a very plain boy.

"*Indeed*, no!" said Patricia, scornfully.

"That sounds just like you, Bobby. I mean it to be much grander than that. Let us see how Bogy begins."

So she unfolded the note very grandly, and we listened respectfully, though we all did know every word of it by heart.

"'Bogy presents his compliments to Miss Scrope, and he—' You see, Bogy sends his compliments to me; what ought I to do?"

"You ought to send them back," I said.

"Oh, no, Patricia, you ought to keep them. I am sure it is rude to send them back," said Annis.

"Stupid!" cried Bobby, indignantly. "She means *hers*, not *his*."

"Hush, everybody," commanded Patricia.

"'Miss Scrope presents her compliments to Bogy.' I've got that. What must I put next?" And she bit the end of her pencil,

and looked round, though she had just told everybody to hush. But when you get your first real invitation, you are perhaps a little hard for others to bear with.

"Put that we are coming," said Bobby.

"Well—but—'Miss Scrope presents her compliments,'" said Patricia again, for she thought it sounded very nice—"her compliments to Bogy, and she thanks——"

"She?" shouted Bobby. "No, Mrs. Patricia, you aren't going alone! Put they!"

"Let me tell you, Major Bobby, that Bogy's note is to *me*."

"He asks us just as much as you."

"Well, don't begin to argue," I said, anxiously. "Let us see what the 'Letter Writer' says."

So Bobby opened it, and read the index very slowly and enjoyingly.

"'Of the proper mode of addressing the Queen, the Nobility, the Clergy.' Bogy isn't a Queen, or a Nobility, or a Clergy, so it can't be that. 'Of letters of rec—rec—recommendation.' I don't know what they are. No, you don't, Patricia, or anybody else. 'Of offers of marriage.' I consider

this book of M'riar's," said Bobby, severely, "a very stupid book. 'Of balls. Of dinner-parties.' It doesn't say of tea-parties at all, Patricia."

"Why, tell us how they do balls."

Bobby found the place, and read to himself for some time, until Patricia poked him with her foot, and then he said: "I don't see much sense in this book. I don't understand it. Let us do it by ourselves. Put 'they.'"

"Does it say 'they' in 'Of balls'?" asked Patricia.

"It is a foolish book," said Bobby, sternly. "Put 'they.'"

"But it never tells who 'they' are," objected Patricia.

"Bogy will know, because he asked us," said Bobby. "And if you don't put 'they,' I shall not lend you my lead pencil."

"Well, I have put it. It sounds very funny, Bobby. 'Miss Scrope presents her compliments to Bogy, and they thank him, and they are very glad to tell you that we can come to your tea-party.'"

"Put 'for they are dreadfully fond of tea-

parties,' " said Annis, " and then perhaps he will ask us again."

" We are not sure whether we are fond of best-clothes parties, or not," said Bobby, for he was in a very arguing mood.

" Perhaps his aren't best-clothes parties. Do put it, Patricia."

" I shall not. It sounds so greedy."

" It will only show him that he can ask us again, if he *likes*," said Annis, discontentedly.

" What shall I put next? "

" That will do," said Bobby.

" Oh, but I wanted to put much more," said Patricia, nearly biting a piece out of the pencil with thinking. " Nell, do think of something."

So we went on composing it as long as we could. The end gave us a great deal of trouble. Patricia wanted only her own name—though afterward mother said that nobody ought to have put a name at all—and Bobby wanted all, and it took a quarter of an hour to settle it; and then we were ready to write it out in ink. Patricia made a great many preparations, but she spoiled

so many sheets of paper that we grew tired, and it was finished in a hurry. There was a mistake in spelling near the end, we found it out afterward, when we asked mother, but we had sent it to Bogy then, and he knew that we could not spell quite perfectly, and, besides, Patricia said that Bobby shook her.

This was the letter:

"Miss Scrope presents her compliments to Bogy, and they thank him, and they are very glad to tell you that we can come to your tea-party. We think it is very kind of you to have a tea-party. Mother says may we come home at eight o'clock when Nurse comes for us. With best love,

we remane your loving friends,

PATRICIA, HELEN, ROBIN, ANNIS SCROPE."

We did not put Paul's name, because he could not write, and also we did not feel sure that Bogy had invited him. We all tried to persuade him that he was too little to go to parties, but he began to turn very obstinate.

The letter was finished at last. Patricia had ruled lines, but they were a little crooked, and all the writing sloped down toward the right hand. The paper was also

rather dirty, and there were two blots and a smear, but Patricia was so tired that she really could not write it again ; so we folded it up, though we could not get it quite straight, and the longer Bobby tried, the dirtier the paper seemed to grow. So we gave up trying, and we fastened it up in an envelope, and sent it to Bogy.

I felt very satisfied about it, and considered that it was quite good for our first real letter, but I thought Patricia rather spoiled it afterward, when she put her head through the hole in the hedge, and shouted, "Did I write it pretty well?"

Bogy had come out of his doors, and we were watching for him.

"Very well," he said.

"A little crooked, wasn't it?" said Patricia.

"Oh, nothing to speak of," said Bogy, politely.

"Well, perhaps you didn't notice it. It might be mean not to tell you that I had lines to write on, but we rubbed them out. You might have seen the marks quite plainly. Bobby," said Patricia, with great dignity, "please give over dragging my pinafore."

"Then come out of the hole," said Bobby.

But Patricia wouldn't, so Bobby shouted through the hedge: "We *all* made it up."

"I admired it extremely," said Bogy, very seriously; "I have it safe in the house."

"We never wrote a letter before," said Patricia, "but little ones to father and mother in pencil, you know. Now we have to go in to dinner. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Bogy; and we were just beginning to crawl away when we saw that Paul had put his head through the hole.

"Bogy!" he said, entreatingly. "Oh, Bogy, may I come?"

"Come where?"

"To your party," said Paul. "You *did* mean me too, didn't you?"

"Paul! I am *astonished* at you!" cried Patricia, in a most tremendous voice, while Bobby dragged him back by the feet.

"You did, didn't you?" shouted Paul, as his head was dragged into the garden again.

"Of course I did," Bogy called after him. "I couldn't possibly have a party without Paul. Mind you all come."

"I shall tell mother," said Patricia, most

severely, as we crawled away. "I never heard anything so rude and greedy in my life."

Paul did not seem to mind. He stood up, and rubbed the soil off his hands on his blouse with great satisfaction.

"He did mean me," he said. "I knewed he did."

The worst of parties is the dressing. Nurse always will have our faces and hands very clean, but for parties she nearly washes our skins away. And Annis cries at least once, but oftener twice, over having her hair brushed. But still the washing and brushing only last a few minutes, whilst best frocks last all the time. Patricia is what nurse calls a very well-grown girl of her age, because she is going to be big like father, and she says that her new frocks always pinch her about the waist and shoulders. They never begin to be comfortable until she has burst a few of the buttons off, and obliged nurse to alter them.

It took nurse a long time to dress us to go to Bogy's party. Patricia looked very nice, when we were ready at last. I do not think

that she is exactly pretty, but she looks very dignified, even to me (and generally one does get very used to one's own family). Only she seemed a little tight round the waist, and she said that she could not breathe quite well. Bobby observed, while he was having his collar put on, that he should ask the gentleman at that house if a velvet suit and silk stockings were actually *necessary* at his next party. Nurse said he must do no such thing, for young gentlemen were not wanted in people's houses unless they went nicely dressed, but, above all, nicely mannered, she said, and looked at us with such a look that even Bobby could think of nothing to answer.

However, if we had stayed to listen to everything she said about how we were to behave we should never have gone at all; so mother came in at last to see us, and we went by the road, and in at Bogy's drive gates, *properly*, because, of course, we could not have thought of crawling through the hole into the haw. We went up to Bogy's door, and Bobby knocked quite gravely.

But then Patricia whispered: "When they

open the door what ought I to say? 'Is Bogy at home?' as ladies do when they come to call on mother."

"That's stupid," said Bobby. "If he weren't at home how could he have a party?"

"Well, must I say, 'We have come'?" said Patricia, and then we all began to laugh, except Paul, who had been very solemn all day to prove how well he could behave. So when Grizzle opened the door we were not ready to say anything, and only walked in, and after that it was quite easy.

Bogy's housekeeper took Patricia and Annis and me upstairs to take our hats off, and when she brought us down to the room where Bogy was, Bobby and Paul were talking away to him quite happily, and everybody behaved very well, except that Annis at once began to suck her thumb, and when Patricia frowned at her, she took it out to say, "What is the matter, Patricia?"

Bogy's was only a small party of ourselves, but you really cannot think how we enjoyed it. We talked chiefly about the garden until the tea-bell rang; and then Bogy stood up,

and walked across the room, and offered his one arm to Patricia. I am not quite sure that she was not very much frightened, but I *am* quite sure that she was very proud. But she only took Bogy's arm in a manner as like mother as she could make it, and they led the way out. Annis watched them for a whole minute, with her mouth wide open, as if she were speechless with admiration, and then suddenly making up her mind, she crossed firmly over to Bobby, and took his arm.

"Get out!" said Bobby, very gruffly. But Annis held him fast, and they followed Bogy and Patricia, Annis clinging to his arm, and Bobby nudging her all the way. So Paul and I were left alone, and as there was nothing else we could do, we took each other's hands, and walked last, and when we came to the tea-table, we found Patricia seated, very red in the face, but very triumphant. She was also inclined to be very grand, until I heard a little crack at the waist of her frock, and then she said: "There!" in a low voice, and breathed hard, and looked more comfortable.

Bogy's housekeeper made tea at the other end of the room, and Grizzle waited on us, and we had never had such a nice tea before in all our lives. Bogy quite encouraged us to have more jam, and never once drew the dish away, as nurse does, and did not even raise his eyebrows when we had more cake, like mother sometimes at dessert.

Paul behaved very well indeed. I was next to him, and I was a little anxious at first, but I must say that he did not do a single queer thing, except that he suddenly stopped in the middle of tea and slipped out of his chair; then he went to Bogy, and put his hand on his arm, and said: "You are a nice man, and I love you!" Bogy shook hands with him, and Paul went back to his chair, and Grizzle lifted him into it, and he went on with his tea.

The Great Bear sat on the floor at Bogy's corner. He was so big that he could lay his head down on the table as he sat, and when nobody noticed him, he laid it there, and moaned for grief, until Bogy gave him a piece of cake, and then he thumped his tail loudly on the floor. In every other way he

was very good, and behaved as properly as could be.

When tea was over, Bogy took us into his library. It was a beautiful place, with long windows that looked out on the lawn, and chairs with tall backs, and cabinets filled with most curious foreign things, and books everywhere.

"Are all these books yours?" asked Patricia, looking round and round the room.

"Every one," said Bogy, smiling.

"And do you love them?"

"I do."

"Do you read in them all?" asked Annis. Bogy said that he could not read much now, he could not see; he said it quite quietly, but we felt suddenly grave and sorry.

"May we look a little?" Patricia asked very politely. "We are not allowed to play in the library at home, but we may look a little; we won't touch."

But Bogy said that we might look as much as we liked, and touch too. Oh, how we did enjoy it! We went round and round the room, reading the names of the books, and asking Bogy which were the interesting

ones. I never saw so many books together in my life. Some of them had splendid backs, of something white that Bogy said was vellum, and they had silver clasps, and coats of arms on the front, most beautiful to see.

But Bogy's favorites were the books that looked a good deal used. We asked him what they were about, and he showed them to us, and was never impatient, however many questions we asked, which nurse does not allow. We saw them often after that, and came to know more about them, but we found even on the first party night that Bogy's favorites were the great books about the earth, and the sea, and the sky, about plants, and trees, and seaweeds, and animals, and birds, and fishes, and insects, and so very many other things that have been created by Almighty God.

He showed us a great many plates in his books, and talked to us about them ; and he let us look at anything we wanted, and never seemed to think that we should spoil it. And while he talked to us, we stood round him, or sat on the floor, and patted the Great Bear.

"And why do you call your dog Major Ursa?" asked Bobby. "It does sound such a funny name. Is he a kind of soldier dog?"

"Oh, no," said Bogy. "He is not Major Ursa, but Ursa Major, and that is quite another thing."

"What does it mean?"

"It is Latin, and means the Greater Bear."

"Oh, we call him the Great Bear," I said, "because he is so like the picture in the Three Bears. Is yours from that, too?"

"No," said Bogy; "mine is from the Greater Bear and the Lesser Bear. Have you ever heard of them?"

We said no; so Bogy sent Bobby to the shelves for a book—a very tall, thin, oddly-shaped one. And when Bogy opened it, we saw that it was full of sheets that unfolded like maps, only instead of being maps of countries and seas, the paper was all dark with white spots on it.

Bogy explained to us that they were maps of the sky at night; and then he began to talk to us about the stars. I always used to think that the sky looked rather dreadful at night, so deep and dark, and with clouds

blowing over the face of the moon, and the stars twinkling as if they were watching. But I never thought it dreadful in the same way after Bogy had told us about the two Bears, and the Pole Star, and the Dog Star all bright, and **Aldabaran** all red, and the Charioteer, and the Northern Crown, and Orion like a great knight kneeling to pray. And he told us about the Southern Cross, that we cannot see here, and about the lost Pleiad.

And then he told us how planet was from a Greek word that meant wandering, and showed us how wonderfully and mysteriously the planets did wander, and it might have been one of the loveliest fairy tales we had ever heard in our lives. Bobby sat cross-legged on the floor before Bogy, so excited that he kept holding his breath till he was scarlet in the face. Paul sat on Bogy's knee, with the one arm round him; he did not understand all that we were listening to, but he was beginning to love Bogy so much that he was quite good and content. But then Grizzle came to say that nurse was waiting for us—*hours* too soon, it seemed to us.

"There is just one more thing I should like to ask before we go," said Bobby, slowly getting up from the floor. "On the outsides of some of the most beautiful books, I mean the white ones, there is a silver thing. It is a coat of arms, like father's. It is yours, I suppose."

"I know," I said. "I know what you are going to say. It is ~~the~~ very same thing I wanted to ask, too."

"About the words, you know," said Bobby, stopping in the middle of rubbing his knees, and looking at Bogy with a frown of hard thinking that almost made his eyebrows meet. "Mother has told us about father's motto, but I don't understand at all what yours means. It only says three words, and they don't tell anything. The letters are very old, and you cannot read them very well, but I think they say, 'The Gentle Heritage.' That is what I want to know, and it is the last thing I will ask you to-night; yes, the very last thing, as much as if you were nurse."

"And that is the one thing I am not going to tell you," said Bogy, "because I want you to find it out for yourselves."

"All of us?" asked Patricia.

"All of you," said Bogy, nodding his head.

"Very well," said Bobby; "we are going to try, at any rate, quite fairly and honorably, and no asking mother. And now, if we don't go, I dare say nurse may be crosser than ever."

"But we *are* sorry to leave your party," he said, as we shook hands with Bogy in the hall.

"For we are dreadfully fond of parties," said Annis; but Patricia, with the greatest presence of mind, stood in front of her.

"But my parties are very dull, I am afraid," Bogy said.

"Oh, *no*, they aren't!" I cried. "I never, never enjoyed anything so much before."

"I want to whisper to you," said Paul. "I can't reach you *werry* well. When I whisper, I put my arms round the person's neck."

So Bogy stooped down, and Paul put his arms round his neck. And I saw that when he did that, Bogy put his one arm quite round Paul, and held him.

"Have I been good?" Paul asked in a loud whisper.

"Yes."

"Werry?"

"Perfectly!" said Bogy.

"I knewed I should. I said it to nurse," said Paul.

"For we are dreadfully fond of parties," said Annis, before Patricia could stop her. But Bogy only laughed aloud.

"We must have another soon," he said.

"Yes, do," said Paul, "and I will come again." It sounded rather funny, but it meant a great deal from Paul. And Patricia gave up trying to keep us in order after this, for Bogy only shook hands all over again.

And then we went home with nurse, and I wondered all the way how we could ever have thought that Bogy looked dreadful. For now I thought that in spite of his black thing, his face was as gentle as gentle could be.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT AN OUT-OF-DOORS MEETING.

"WE seem to have nothing to do next," began Patricia. "We have done everything you can think of, and we feel that we shall soon begin to do wrong things. So we should like to be with you, if we may."

"To be sure," said Bogy; and we all sat down on the grass where he was sitting with the Great Bear. It was nearly at the end of the haw, where there were only fields round us, and it was very still and lonely.

It was very pleasant there. The sandy slopes were quite hot with the sun, and the furze bushes were blooming all over them. We had crawled through the hedge, and come up the haw slowly, and in a straggling kind of string, with gaps between us, because some one was always stopping to look at something. So Patricia went first with her chin in the air, and Bobby went next

with his hands in his pockets, as he likes to do when nurse is not there to stop it, and Annis went next with her thumb in her mouth, and Paul and I went last, holding each other's hands. And the boys had quite old straw hats, and the girls had only sun-bonnets and pinafores, because in the haw your things do not signify, not even if they were desert island skins, which would be beautiful.

And there we found Bogy and the Great Bear sitting on the grass in the sunshine, and the Great Bear was thinking about flies, but what Bogy was thinking about I do not know.

"So you have nothing to do?" he said.

"Not unless we get into a little mischief," said Bobby, "and that only leads to rows. We have gardened and swung all the afternoon, and all the morning we did our lessons with mother, and had a meeting under the table."

"Under the table?" said Bogy.

"Yes, in the nursery, you know," explained Patricia.

"And now let us have another meeting

with you," I said—"an out-of-doors meeting."

"And it is Bogy in the chair this time, Mrs. Patricia, *whatever* you say," said Bobby.

"I could not think for a moment of being in the chair when there was an older person here, Bobby," answered Patricia, with the greatest majesty. And then she forgot her dignity to say triumphantly: "And it is only all the worse for you, because when I am in the chair you can always be Vice, but now Bogy is in the chair, I am Vice, and you are only Meeting."

"Pray allow me to be Vice," said Bogy, "or even only Meeting."

"Oh, no", said Bobby; "we never had any one so good in the chair before. We wish we always had you—for the in-doors meetings too."

"I am not perfectly sure that I should enjoy them," said Bogy, gravely, "if they are held under tables."

"Oh, and we think it is so nice!" said Patricia, clasping her hands. "We always sit under tables, if we can. But I dare say

you would not like it. Father and mother don't, with being grown up. And nurse is often cross about it."

"She generally is cross," said Annis, resignedly, for she had cried that morning about getting the soap in her eyes.

"If it isn't for one thing, it is for another," said Bobby. "But still I believe that she is a very good person. M'riar *wasn't*. She used to tell very foolish things. Occasionally stories, too," he said, after a few moments, when everybody thought that he had finished, as he is very fond of doing.

"She was our nursery maid, and she has left because she answered nurse back," said Patricia, solemnly. "Must we tell you what she did?"

"Paul has been in a row, and M'riar oughtn't to have let him do it," explained Bobby. "You see, it was all owing to the big tub that stands on brick legs at the corner of the garden yard, and that is very wide, indeed, round the waist. And if you can get a gimlet and bore a little hole in it, you can make beautiful fountains, and then stop them up with a bit of wood and clay.

I think Timothy's son showed us how to do it first."

"But we always told Paul that he must not touch it, only if we had not done it he would not have known how. For, you see," Patricia added, in a whisper, "the more you stop Paul the more he does it, because of being so obstinate."

"And so the other day," Bobby went on slowly, hugging his knees with enjoyment, for he likes a long, slow tale—"the other day father had taken us down the fields to see some colts, and it was a long way, and M'riar was to take care of Paul in the garden."

"But she didn't at all," said Patricia, severely. "She went and talked to Timothy."

"And so when we came back Nell was going past the door of the garden yard, and she heard a splashing like water. And when she looked in, the flags of the yard were quite covered with water, and it was pouring into the tool-house, and that was fatal, for Macpherson is a very cross man."

"Ah! but what was worse," I said, "it



'HE WAS STOPPING IT WITH HIS BODY.' Page 129.

was over Paul's ankles, for he was standing in it with his arms round the tub. And I screamed, but he didn't move away, but only turned his face round, and said: 'Oh, Nell! I made a big founting, and it flewed and flewed, and I can't make it stop at all! And I tried to stop it with my hands, but it won't!' I said: 'Oh, *do* come away out of that wet!' He said: 'I can't. We shall all be drowned. It has flewed all over everything. Oh, Nell, soon there will be a werry big mess!' Because, you know, he was stopping it with his body, and he felt that it would be soon soaked, and then where would the water stop?"

"It wouldn't stop," said Paul, gloomily. "It was werry wet."

"And so," Bobby went droning on, "Nell waded in and pulled him away, and he had picked the old bung out, and a great spout of water came pouring out, and Nell put her hands on the hole, and Paul put his on hers, and she screamed till some one came, and she did hope that it might have been Timothy, or one of the men from the stableyard, but, of course, it was Macpherson, and so he

said, 'Hegh, sirs!' and shouted for Timothy to come and hammer it up, and he picked Nell up under one arm, and Paul under the other, and carried them to the kitchen door."

And then, as Bobby had to stop, not because he had no more to say, but because he had no more breath to say it with, I went on: "And I never shall forget the mess we made on cook's clean floor. And she stood wringing our frocks and scolding, until nurse came. And everybody said that it would give us our deaths, but it didn't."

"So, although he had to be punished, mother was very anxious about Paul," Patricia said, "and nurse was dreadfully angry with M'riar for not taking care of him; and to show that she didn't care what nurse said, she kept answering back, and so *then*, of course——"

And Patricia settled her pinafore, as if no one need say any more after that.

"Then there was a row," Bobby came in triumphantly at the end, "and M'riar has left. We did not like her much. She spoke mischievous things, and imagined deceits all

the day long, like the men in the Psalms." And he said it very slowly and precisely. "But, however, the chief thing that we did not like M'riar for, *we* joined in too, and so it may be mean to talk about it behind her back."

"But still she has gone now, and if you would rather have truthfulness than politeness, we do not feel very sorry," I said in a hurry, for I thought of the chief thing we did not like M'riar for, and I wanted to turn the talk away from the subject of being afraid in the dark. For that is hard twice over, because you are not only afraid, but ashamed of being it. "She went away this afternoon. We said good-by to her, and, though we are not sorrowful about her, it makes us feel a little serious."

"It was seriouser in the nursery," said Bobby. "Nurse did look so warning, as if she were saying what happened to people who answered back. We have felt happier since we came out, especially since we came into the haw, because you somehow enjoy it more where you must not go."

"It is not as if we had been *forbidden* to

come into the haw, Bobby," said Patricia, with great grandeur. "Only," she added, in a more every-day manner, "nurse does so hate us creeping through hedges, because it is really unusual for all five of us to get through without tearing something. And we cannot make her see how nice it is in the haw. We were telling her yesterday that all the dog-roses were out now, and she didn't care a bit!"

"We want to be like father," said Bobby, "and go out whether it is wet or fine; but she won't let us. We wish sometimes that we could live out-of-doors altogether."

"When we were quite little," said Annis, regretfully, "we used often to think that we would run away and be wild children; but nurse, and dinner, and bedtime, and such things spoiled it."

"There is a thing I want to say, and it is that this meeting is not talking about what I thought it *intended* to talk about," I said. "Particularly, Patricia, when you know how long it took us to get permission to go into the library, and then how much longer it took to look through all the dic-

tionaries. I am sure the table was covered with them. And I dare say we shall not get permission again."

"Yes, I forgot," said Patricia. "I will begin."

"No," said Bobby, promptly. "Vices *never* do. Vices are nobody when the real chairman is there."

"Bobby, do not argue," I entreated. "I do think you might remember that the meeting will have to go in to tea as soon as the bell rings."

"Very well," he said, good-temperedly. "Get on, Patricia."

"It is about those words," said Patricia, "'The Gentle Heritage.' We have been thinking about them as hard as possible, but still we don't understand them."

"And we had the meeting under the table this morning," said Bobby, "but still we don't."

"And we have looked for the words in all the dictionaries in the library," I said, "but still we don't."

"I would rather let you find it out than tell you," said Bogy. "Try again."

"Let's see," said Bobby, consideringly. "We found that a heritage means the same thing as an inheritance—a thing passing down from one generation to another, like a house, or some money, or something like that."

"But 'gentle' is harder," said Patricia, "because it means so many things. It means the kind of person you are, rich or poor."

"And more than that."

"It means your behavior, too," remarked Bobby; "polite or rude."

"And more than that."

"It means something that I cannot quite say," I said. "I think it means behaving nicely outside because of being nice inside."

"Yes; now we are coming to it," said Bogy.

"But still we don't understand what 'The Gentle Heritage' is," said Bobby, for he is never satisfied until he quite understands a thing.

"It means what you have just been saying," answered Bogy. "Consider it."

"It is an inheritance," began Bobby, very slowly, and as if he were reading something hard; "it is an inheritance—that comes down to you—from your grandfather and your great-grandfather—and all your grandfathers—of behavior that is good—because of being good in one's heart. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it. But, after all, it means more, far more than one can say. And to keep it perfectly is more, far more, than one can do. But one can try."

"And to keep the gentle heritage means that you are to go on being a good gentleman, and never to give over?"

"Or a lady," said Bogy. "Yes, it is that."

"I see," said Bobby, turning the things over very deep in his pockets. "It is because of the good ladies and gentlemen who have lived before you, and when the heritage of being a gentleman comes down to you, then you must keep it."

"But suppose you are only like M'riar or Peter Grimes," said Patricia—"suppose you have had no gentleness to come down to you, how then? You cannot keep what you have not got."

"But any one in the world may make it his own, if he will, because it is the universal heritage."

"Because anybody in the world can be gentle if he likes? Yes, I think I begin to know it," said Bobby, with a deep wrinkle on his forehead. "And I wish, I do *wish* I were more like that."

"Gentle outside because you are gentle inside," I said, and I looked at Bogy, for I meant him.

But he did not know it, for at the end of the afternoon, when the out-doors meeting had to break up and go home, and we felt that we were beginning to understand a little about the gentle heritage, and Bobby asked Bogy how he was able to keep it, he said that although he tried he did not keep it as he ought to do, because he was not gentle enough yet.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT THE WHITE LILIES.

I AM rather ashamed to write this part, but I suppose it cannot be helped. It all came from the white lilies. I think Bobby behaved a little badly, to begin with; but I behaved much worse, so his does not count.

We are very fond of gardening. We are as fond of it as can be, but it certainly is a thing that you can quarrel over in a most astonishing manner. The tools give rise to a good deal of it. When you have only one set, and four people want the rake at once, what are you to do? And Macpherson is a very strict man, and will never lend us a rake or any of his things—particularly the garden engine, not if you asked for it on your knees—or anything at all but the whisket with a hole in it, and that is no good to

any one, but bad, because it makes you lose your temper. We have a spade of our own, a small fork, a rake, a hoe, a trowel. Mother gave them to us all to join at. We have also Bobby's barrow, a broken rhubarb-pot, a watering-can, and a garden-squirt.

The squirt is the most disappointing thing that could be. Patricia had it first, and she was very proud of it, and very hard to bear with for two days; but at the end of that time it was really strange how ready she was to exchange it with Bobby for his old knife. Bobby had it for two days more, and then he most generously *gave* it to me, and I could not sleep at night for thinking what a watering I would give my garden in the morning. But by dinner-time the next day I began to understand it, and said that Annis might have it if she liked; but she had been watching me and did not want it. So in the end it belongs to nobody in particular, because it will not squirt forward, but will trickle all the water backward up your sleeve.

Macpherson never will give us anything out of the big garden. He is not a very nice man, *we* think, and he makes rude re-

marks about our gardens, and calls them messes, as if they were not gardens at all. I believe father is really afraid of him, for he says that he is very overbearing. He is a clever gardener, but we consider him not only very stingy, but very conceited. So we never get any new plants from him. Timothy is a much more feeling person, and he always tries to save a pinch of seed for us in each packet, when he sows annuals, and we weigh them in the doll's-house scales and divide them fairly.

I wish I could have my garden full of sweet things, like cowslips, and violets, and mignonette, and sweetbriar; but the soil of my garden is so poor that some of the things flourish and some do not, and my garden always *will* look so spotty; and it has such banks and sunken places in it that Bobby says that the only cure for it is to take up all the things, dig the ground well, and rake it nicely, and then plant again in neat rows. The soil of the gardens grows steadily worse from Patricia's down to Paul's at the end. Perhaps it seems too bad that he should have the worst, but as he digs in it a good

deal with a blunt wooden spade, and likes to water it several times a day, it does not really matter. The slip of ground beyond his is even worse, for it is as sandy as the haw, and nothing will grow there but ribbon grass, so we call it the dogs' garden, and take it in turns to keep it in order.

Bobby and I agree very well about most things, but somehow we do quarrel over the gardens. His piece of ground and mine join each other, and when we are friendly we have no division between them, but join at the one plot, which makes quite a good big garden, very interesting to lay out. But then, when we have laid it out with great trouble, we squabble and have to put up a division again. We try a different sort of partition every time. We had a ditch once, but the rain-water stayed in it, and it made our boots dirty. Then, one time, Bobby was so angry with me because he would have a lake in the garden, and the water ran out of the bottom of the sunk tub, and I laughed, that he put up a real seat for a partition, and pinned a paper on it, saying: "If Miss Helen sits on my seat when she is at this

end of her garden, you will be persecuted according to law by order."

However, he did not sit on it much himself, for although he hammered and hammered at his stumps of wood till he was crimson in the face, and had nearly cut his feet off with the axe he had borrowed from the woodhouse, he could not drive them into the ground more than a few inches. And so, when the seat was made, he sat down on it, and kicked his heels, and put his hands in his pockets in a very aggravating way. And then we saw the legs beginning to go crooked, and presently the seat quietly sank down sideways, and Bobby got up and said we needn't laugh, for he didn't care a bit, and walked away.

I think we should perhaps do better if Bobby would not try so many experiments. When we began to garden after the measles, he had a very grand idea. We were to grow mustard, and cress, and radishes, and potatoes, and we were to get all the seeds from father, and make him buy what we grew. But it ended in us not growing any potatoes at all, because Macpherson proved even

nastier than we had expected about them, and because the mustard and cress never came up at all, and we had only seven radishes out of three-pennyworth of seed, and they were very long and thin, and tasted very hot, and Bobby owned that they had somehow failed. So we took to flowers again instead.

But the white lilies were the most quarrelsome of all. They were only the common tall white lilies, but mother had given them to us from her own bed of them, which she was very fond of, because she had brought them from a garden in the Holy Land—I think from a garden somewhere on the hills round about Jerusalem. She gave us a small clump as a great treasure, and she gave it to us all, because she thought it would save quarrels, but it made them. For it was the best plant we had, and we could never settle to the end whose it must be, and we could not divide the clump, because there were only three bulbs, and there are five of us, and three into five will not go even.

The lilies never flowered while we had them, but I do not wonder much at that. I

suppose no one can expect plants to flower when they have to be dug out of their place every few months, to let the next person have a turn of them. We always gave the clump the place of honor in our garden, but still the lilies would not flower. And each person always hoped that the flowering-time might come in his turn, but it never did. When we began to garden again after the measles were over, and mother had come home and the summer was quite here, I am sorry to say that Bobby and I quarrelled as usual.

It began with us arguing about the white lilies. It came to the end of Annis' turn for having them, and we quarrelled about which should have them next. I said that I ought to have them, because of being a girl and having ladies first; and he said he was the next oldest to Annis, and he always had taken his turn next to her, and he always should. So we quarrelled and did not come to any settlement, except being very much offended with each other. After that we forgave each other, because it is very uncomfortable to go to bed at night when you are

sulking at some one; but I suppose we had not forgiven each other quite enough, for we began to be disagreeable to each other the next day.

Bobby was lying in the wheelbarrow with his head on the low end and his legs hanging over the wheel, getting dreadfully sunburnt, and gnawing at the sponge-cake he had been given for lunch. Patricia was sitting on the top of the old rhubarb-pot, eating her cake with as much enjoyment but more manners. She was cleaner than Bobby, too, for boys often look dirty, especially when they are out-of-doors. I was putting stones all round the garden (for we were still joining at it); I meant it to be a border, soon to be covered with little rock plants. Bobby was watching me, for I think he was jealous because it had been my idea; and we kept making remarks to Patricia, but we meant them for each other.

"It will look very well soon, won't it, Patricia?" I said.

"It will look as if some one had been digging and throwing all the stones about, won't it, Patricia?" said Bobby.

"Um," answered Patricia, for she did not want to take either side.

"You see, there are only a few things at present," I said.

"There certainly are, Patricia," said Bobby. "A handful of stonecrop, and a few stones brought in out of the sand-holes whenever nurse did not see."

"Stonecrop is so easy to begin with, Patricia," I said, getting a little hotter and going round to Bobby's side of the bed. "But soon I shall have some more things. Timothy has promised me some house-leek when he mends his pig-sty roof."

"Timothy has promised us that house-leek ever since I was born, I do think, Patricia," said Bobby, "but he has never mended his roof yet. And I don't believe he ever will," he went on, after resting a few moments.

"Well," I said, standing up at last, very hot and red, and biting at my sponge-cake, which was getting very sandy, "if it weren't for me putting my rockery round it, some people's garden would look like the sand-holes."

And with being very dignified I swallowed

a large piece of citron, and it was extremely uncomfortable.

"That is on purpose," said Bobby, "because I am going to have it like the desert."

He spoke rather hoarsely, because his mouth was full, in spite of it being so rude.

"Do not quarrel," said Patricia, finishing her cake and brushing the crumbs away.

"Do not quarrel, for it is very wicked."

"Then why do you do it?" inquired Bobby.

"Do not argue, either," said Patricia, severely, "for it is—it is—it is also wicked."

"And you need not lie there in the barrow," I said, "for it is your turn to do up the dogs' garden."

Bobby said I knew nothing about it, for I was very ignorant, and would I kindly get out of his garden?

"Your garden?" I said.

"Yes, mine, Mrs. Helen. I have decided to divide again. This is what it is to have a she-partner," he finished off very bitterly. He only said it because he was vexed about it being his turn to do the dogs' garden, but, *of course*, we parted after that.

And the very next day, when I went out,

after Patricia and I had done our lessons with mother, the white lilies had gone out of Annis' bed and were planted in the very middle of Bobby's desert.

I am sorry to say that I threw the watering-pot over and kicked it. I had been thinking how nice my garden would look, with my new rockery round it for a border, and the white lilies in the middle. I believe I really knew in my heart that it was Bobby's turn before mine, but I wanted to have them so much, and I did not see how they could flower in my garden this year, if Bobby must have them all the best part of the summer. I did not stop to think about it. I began to dig them up, so hard and fast that the soil flew about in showers. Then I dug a place in the middle of my garden, and planted the lilies, and filled in the hole in Bobby's desert, and stood back to see how it all looked.

I was not as satisfied as I expected to be. I felt suddenly tired of the garden, and I went away and crawled through the hole in the hedge into the haw. You generally prefer to keep away from people when you feel

that you have been rather mean ; we have noticed it even in the dogs, when they have taken the nicest part of the dinner.

I walked up the haw a little way, but it did not seem half as pleasant or interesting as usual, and I sat down in the cart-ruts to cool down, for I was very hot, and red, and uncomfortable, because of being determined to feel triumphant, and not doing it very easily. While I was sitting there, and trying to think how glad I was to have conquered Bobby, Bogy and the Great Bear came slowly up the haw. I would rather not have seen Bogy just then, but the Great Bear had seen me before I could escape, and he came to meet me, pawing and yawning with love. So I jumped up and walked up the haw beside Bogy.

“ And why are you all alone to-day ? ” he said.

“ Oh, for nothing,” I said, in an unconcerned way ; and then I was ashamed, and went on, almost before I knew what I was saying : “ I am very angry. I have quarrelled with Bobby because he has behaved very nastily indeed.”

"Ah, indeed! Well, suppose you tell me all about it?" said Bogy.

So I told him all about it from the very beginning, and now my part of it sounded so much worse than Bobby's, because I was obliged to truthfully tell that I believed it was really Bobby's turn before mine. And when I came to the end, Bogy only said: "And you felt happier after you had done it?"

"No, I didn't," I said, beginning to be much humbled; "I only felt angry."

"So I should think," said Bogy. "More angry with yourself than with Bobby, I suppose."

"Oh, no!" I said, making a last effort not to mind. "I am quite glad that I did it."

"Ah!" said Bogy, quickly, "that is a pity."

I walked on for a few minutes, and then I said, very uncomfortably: "What is a pity?"

"It seems a pity to do an ungentle thing, when you might do a gentle one," Bogy answered.

I did not speak; I had nothing ready to

say, for I seemed to be in such a mixture of feelings, and we walked on.

We had got quite a long way up the haw before either of us spoke again, and then Bogy said something that I was not at all expecting.

"I wonder if you have found out yet what it is to keep the gentle heritage?"

"N—no," I said, very much confused; "I haven't been thinking about it for a few days."

"No?" was all that Bogy answered, and we still walked on, and I grew more ashamed at every step, until I could not walk any further. I stood still and looked away over the furze-bushes, and said in a very low voice: "But does it mean that to keep it you have to make yourself do things you do not like?"

"It does," answered Bogy.

"But if they are things you feel you cannot do?"

"But to keep the gentle heritage is still to do them."

"Yes," I whispered, for I could scarcely speak; "but isn't there anything so hard that you may stop there?"

"No," said Bogy, quietly. "The keeping of the gentle heritage still goes on, all the way, to the very end."

And I looked up at him for a moment, as he stood with his one hand on the Great Bear's head, and his face turned up to let him see the clouds from beneath the black shade, and then I knew that the gentle heritage *could* be kept to the very end.

I stood close to him, squeezing my hands and fighting. And then I think I had meant to show him how easily I could do it, for I began to laugh a little, but it ended in me crying a little, and so I gave a kind of loud howl.

"Yes, I will do it," I said. "Yes, I will! I will put the lilies back, and then I will weed Bobby's desert all over, to show how sorry I am for doing another ungentle thing. I don't want to do it, if you would rather I spoke quite truthfully; I don't want to at all, but I will."

"Yes, I would," said Bogy. "That is what I would try to do, if I were you. For it is to try to keep the gentle heritage."

I hurried through the garden. I *ran*, for

fear of changing my mind, for I did not want to do it at all. And I dug the poor lilies up again, and planted them in the old place in Bobby's garden quickly, before I had had time to think about it, and I went down on my hands and knees and began to weed the garden.

There were a great many weeds in the desert—a very great many—and my back ached a great deal before I had finished, and I could not always see which was chickweed and which was groundsel, because of the tears in my eyes. But I had finished at last, and I gathered up the weeds in my pinafore, and carried them away.

I think I had expected to feel much happier than I did when it was finished, for in tales you immediately feel happier after you have conquered yourself. But perhaps I had not conquered myself enough, for even when the weeding was done, I thought how my back did ache, which a quite happy person would not have minded; and whilst I was throwing the weeds away I cried a little about the lilies, which seems very mean, but it is quite true.

It rained all the afternoon. Mother had taken Patricia and Annis to Abchurch, and Bobby had escaped from nurse and gone out. She would not let me go too, so I could only sit in the window and look at the rain, and feel rather miserable, and as if it did not do much good, after all, to try to conquer yourself. But still I thought that as I had begun I might as well go on doing something hard, and when the rain stopped before tea-time, and nurse let me go out for a run, I made up my mind to go and make friends with Bobby again.

I could not find him for a long time, but at last I saw him in the lime-walk, and I went toward him. He did not see me until I was close to him, for he was stooping down, and when he stood up he carried something between two twigs—something that dangled—and he took it across the walk, and laid it carefully on the bed.

“Bobby, what are you doing?” I said.

“I’m—” he began, and stopped to consider. “I’m—” he began again—“I’m trying to be more a gentle person.”

“I don’t see how.”

"It's a worm, you know. They are all worms, and I have been moving them for ever so long."

"But why?"

"Yesterday Bogy said that a person who was *truly* gentle couldn't be unfair to another person because he disliked him. And so in bed I was considering it. I can't bear worms, and I know I am unfair to them, for I hate to find them in my garden, and wish they would get out of it, so I have been moving them off the walk, because it is not their fault that they are all lying about, and I feel sure that they do not like being trodden on. It takes a long time, because I can't do them with my fingers, like Timothy, and it does rather make the back ache, because there are such lots in this walk after rain."

"It is very good of you," I said.

"No, it isn't," he answered; "because I still cannot bear them. And I cannot do them with my fingers yet, which would be politer than sticks; but perhaps as I get more gentle I shall be able to do it, even the wet ones."

"You are much more gentle than I am, already," I said.

"No, I'm not," he said, in his slow, arguing way; "because you don't know things."

"That is it," I said; "you don't know either. But I wish you would be friends again, at any rate."

"All right," said Bobby. "We might go and look at the gardens now, and see if they look nice after the rain. I said a few nasty things about your rockery. I beg your pardon. This is some house-leek that I got for you myself from Timothy's pig-sty roof. I have rubbed my knees out again, but you need not tell nurse what I was doing. I knew it was no use waiting for him any longer."

"Bobby, you *are* a good thing," I said, as he offered me the house-leek, screwed up in brown paper, and rather warm with being in his pocket.

"No, I'm not," he said; "you don't really know."

And then we came to the gardens. And the white lilies were planted in the middle of my bed, all clean and shining with the rain.

"You *are* a good thing, and I *knew* you were," I said, almost choking.

"No," said Bobby again, and he said it quite remorsefully; "you don't know. You see, I put them in my own bed first, before you could get a chance. And then I thought it seemed so mean, that I came out this afternoon and put them in your bed. You are to have them for my turn, and then for your own. It is to pay for behaving nastily to you."

"I won't have them for either turn," I said. "Wait until I have told you."

But when I had told him, he still said: "It doesn't matter;" and I said: "It does matter;" so, to save an argument, we joined at the gardens again.

"And this time they will have two turns to grow in," said Bobby, "and if they should flower, it will be in your garden, and you will have the honor of it. They *may* flower this time, you know, even if they are a little late." . . .

They did not, of course; but that was not Bobby's fault.

CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT A BIRTHDAY.

IT came on a day about the end of the summer. Bogy told us through the hedge that it was his birthday, and he should like us to come and have tea with him.

"Oh, what *nice* things birthdays are!" said Annis, clasping her hands. "And have you been to Abchurch to choose your own present? Sometimes mother takes us."

"No," said Bogy, smiling; "I do without presents now. I am going to have a party instead."

"Do you always have a party on your birthday?"

"Not always. I thought I would have one to-day."

"To make you enjoy it more, I suppose," Annis said; and afterward I thought that

when Bogy had no party he must have had very lonely birthdays, and I wondered if he minded.

So we went at four o'clock; and we wished Bogy many happy returns of the day, and took him a bunch of mignonette out of our own gardens, for it was the only thing that had come up well. It looked rather a common bunch, but we had nothing else of our own to take, and Bogy seemed just as pleased as if it had been of Macpherson's best orchids.

We had tea out-of-doors, a thing that nurse never will let us do at home, for she says she can see neither sense nor enjoyment in it; we sat under the biggest beech-tree, and had apricot jam and seed-cake, and *we* saw both sense and enjoyment in it.

After tea we went round the garden to look at our favorite plants; for now we knew Bogy's old garden quite well, and the part we always went to last, and liked best, was the Saints' Rest. Then we went into the library, and sat in the big window, and talked, with Paul on Bogy's knee, as usual. And the Great Bear lay on the floor amongst

us, and we could hear him grumbling to himself in his dreams.

"He is the nicest dog we ever knew," Bobby said, stroking his ears gently in the way that he liked.

"I always did think the Great Bear in the picture was very nice," I said. "Not quite beautiful, you know, but with such a warm, furry face. But now I think the Great Bear quite beautiful."

"No, not quite," said Bogy; "only a little. You could not expect much beauty from a bear and a bogy."

"Oh, we know quite well now that you are not Bogy," said Annis, in a most elderly manner. "We only used to think you were. There is one thing I wonder very much. But Patricia is frowning at me, so I won't ask it, if you would rather not."

"I would rather you did," said Bogy.

"There, Patricia!—The thing is, are you afraid of Bogy too?"

Bogy shook his head.

"Not in the least," he answered.

"I begin to be rather ashamed about Bogy," said Bobby, truthfully. "I begin to

think that there isn't a person like that, only M'riar said there was. But we might have asked mother and found out about it."

"I suppose you are not afraid of—of anything?" I said, wishing so much that I was not. And I looked up at Bogy, and I think he must have seen by my face that I was often a good deal afraid, for he did not laugh any more, but grew quite grave, and put his hand very comfortingly over mine, and said: "Yes, I am afraid of one thing."

"Not really," said Bobby. "Only pretendingly, I suppose."

"No, this is really," said Bogy; "and I am very much afraid of it."

"What is it?" I said, in a whisper, and I looked at Bogy more and more, for I felt that my eyes were opening wider and wider.

"It is my own heart," said Bogy, gently, with his hand over mine. "And we do not need to be afraid of anything else, for we shall never meet anything more fearful than the wicked thoughts of our own hearts."

"And here (one) the Moralist would plead (one) Give to your heart the utmost heed (one, two, three) For there begins the

with'ring pow'r (one) Which grows (one) and will in time devour!' That was my poetry that I said yesterday," said Annis, suddenly and unexpectedly. But she said "poertry," for she always did.

But Bogy did not laugh at her, as he might have done, for Annis is very astonishing, because you never know what she will do or say next. He only said: "Yes, Annis, remember that. For the real bogies are only the wicked thoughts of our own hearts—selfishness, and pride, and injustice, and vanity, and ill-temper, and untruthfulness. We need fear nothing else in all the world if we fear those enough."

"Sometimes I have wondered—" Bobby began to speak, after he had been silent for a time, and then stopped, and his cheeks grew very red.

"Yes?" said Bogy. "You may say it, if you like."

"I was going to ask how did your eyes begin to be blind; but then I thought you would perhaps rather not say."

"I do not mind," said Bogy. "It was a gun fired in my face and shoulder."

"Were you playing with it after you had been forbidden?" asked Bobby, seriously, for it really did sound like one of nurse's warnings.

"Oh, no!" answered Bogy. "I was a man when it happened. It was an accident, quite an accident. But the arm was hurt very much, and the doctors took it off for me. And then, by and by, the blindness began to come, and that is why I wear this black shade over my face."

"But couldn't the blindness be made to grow better in time?" I asked.

"No," said Bogy, quietly; "it will never grow better in this world, never again. But we will not mind it, for I have a very good plan. You shall be my eyes now, and shall tell me what you see, and then it will be as if I could see again—almost." And Bogy laughed quite cheerfully, and we all laughed too; but afterward I thought there did not seem to be much to laugh at.

"We shall like to do anything in all the world for you," said Bobby. "Perhaps, now you cannot read, perhaps—do you think *we* could read a little to you?"

"I should be most grateful to you," said Bogy.

"We could try," said Patricia. "We cannot read the immensely long words, you know."

"Of syllables," said Bobby, consideringly. "Patricia and Nell are in the threes; I am in the twos, but I am going at them pretty hard; and Annis is in the ones. And I do not think she will ever get out of them, either," he added, after quite a long rest, as he has a habit of doing.

"I am in the bricks," said Paul, raising his head and looking round with the greatest dignity.

"Ah!" said Bogy, "I used to be in the bricks myself once." And Paul put his head down again on Bogy's coat.

"What would you like us to read first?" asked Patricia.

"I think that we will begin our readings with a chapter of the Bible," said Bogy, gravely.

So Patricia went to the shelves, and got a Bible, and sat down in the window-seat.

"What part do you like best?" she said.

"I should like, if you please," said Bogy, "the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah."

So Patricia found it, after whispering to me to ask whether it was two xx's or three. She sat in a corner of the window-seat, for the room was not very light, because the window was stained, and Bobby sat in the other, nursing one leg. Bogy sat in one of the long-back chairs, with Paul on his knee, and Annis and I sat on the floor at his feet, with the Great Bear between us.

We did not know Isaiah as well as the story parts of the Bible, and we wondered why Bogy had not chosen one of those, but when Patricia began to read, slowly and very carefully, it sounded like beautiful poetry.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.'"

And at this place I thought I knew why Bogy had chosen this chapter.

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.'"

And the Great Bear got up, and went to the door, and smelt it, and came back and looked in Bogy's face, and lay down again.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but

it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' " . . .

"I suppose it will be all like a garden," said Bobby, "blossoming abundantly, with glory and excellency. I like this chapter very much now. I didn't know it before. I like the place where the thirsty land becomes grass with reeds and rushes. It sounds all green and cool."

"And all quiet and beautiful," I said. "I think it will be like the Saints' Rest."

"It will be itself the Saints' Rest," said Bogy, "only a far, far better one."

"And the people who have fearful hearts will not be afraid any more, will they?" I whispered, and Bogy smiled and nodded his head.

"And the redeemed who will walk there," said Patricia, softly—"they will be the saints who will always live in the Rest."

"And I think," said Bobby, very slowly and consideringly, "that they will be the people who have tried most to keep 'The Gentle Heritage.'" . . .

And then we heard voices in the hall and a treading of feet. The Great Bear had known long before we did; he was pawing at the door and whining. We heard Grizzle speaking, and Bogy's old housekeeper, and another voice, and then the door opened suddenly, and some one came in.

It was Bogy's brother; we felt quite sure of it, because he was so like him, only he had no black shade on his face, but very bright eyes. He came striding in, and never looked at us, but held out his hands to Bogy, talking and laughing all the time.

I think Bogy must have known from the first; he leaned back in his chair for a moment, and his one hand held the arm fast, and then he put Paul down very gently. And when he stood up his face under the black shade was very white, only he smiled.

"How dark the room is! Where are you?" the gentleman said, laughing.

And Bogy turned his face more away from the light, and tried to cover the black shade with his hand. And then Bogy's old housekeeper, lingering at the door, began to cry.

Patricia made the longest leg she had ever made in her life, and poked me.

"I feel *certain* that we ought to go out. Mother would say so," she whispered, and Bobby nodded, and we went out softly and shut the door, though we wanted to stay as much as could be.

Bogy's old housekeeper was still standing in the hall, crying dreadfully. We did not know what to do at all, so Patricia took the lead, as she generally does.

"We have come out," she said, straightforwardly. "We weren't told to do it, but we thought perhaps we ought. Do you think you could just mention it afterward, please, for fear of seeming rude?"

"There's a little lady," Mrs. Owen said; "and if you like to come into my parlor, my dears, I could let you out of the garden window quietly."

But when we got into her parlor she only sat down and cried more, and we stood about her and felt very unhappy.

At last I said: "Oh, *please* don't cry so, Mrs. Owen."

"Oh, no, my dear, I am not crying," she said, with the tears dripping onto her knee, "for there is nothing to cry about. I ought to be too proud of my poor Mr. Arthur this day to think of crying."

"Could you tell us what is the matter?" Patricia asked, very hesitatingly.

"There is nothing really the matter, my dear," Mrs. Owen said, "only I don't know which I am the sorriest for this minute. Mr. Edmund has never seen Mr. Arthur like this, as he is now."

"Hasn't he?" said Bobby, very solemnly. "Doesn't he know about it?"

"No, my dear; and the sad part of it is, Mr. Edmund did it."

"*On purpose?*" said Annis, in a very deep voice, a good opportunity having come for saying something that she should not say.

"Annis, for shame!" cried Patricia, indignantly. "As if anybody would! Weren't

we told ourselves that it was an accident?"

But Mrs. Owen cried more than ever, and her curls dangled, and the bows in her cap shook.

"Yes, so Mr. Arthur always would say. And now, I suppose, no one will ever know just how it was. For, you see, Mr. Edmund was in a passion, being always so passionate from a child, and his gun was loaded in his hand, and whether he pushed Mr. Arthur out of his way, or what he did, nobody can say, but the gun went off all in Mr. Arthur's face and shoulder. That was how it happened. And to think that it was through his brother that loved him so, and that he loved so in return, that he could suffer alone, as he has suffered, to spare him! And then for Mr. Edmund to come and find it out, after all!"

"Has it been kept a secret, so that he shouldn't know?" said Bobby.

"Yes, my dear; Mr. Arthur did it in his love for him. For if you had done it, could you ever have forgiven yourself? And it was bad enough for Mr. Edmund as it was,

knowing about the arm. At first it seemed to be the most injured, and it couldn't be saved, and Mr. Edmund was in such grief about it that Mr. Arthur would have done anything to spare him. And then it didn't stop Mr. Arthur's work, though it interfered with it; but he made nothing of it, in his cheerful way. And so, by and by, Mr. Edmund had to leave England again, for his wife is too delicate to live here, and he went away to Algiers. And then, by degrees, Mr. Arthur's sight began to fail. I think he knew from the first what it meant, but his one thought was to keep it from Mr. Edmund. And so it grew worse and worse, until at last the doctors told him the truth."

"Oh, Mrs. Owen," I whispered, "couldn't the *very* cleverest doctors make him see again?"

But Mrs. Owen cried, and cried, and said. "Never any more, my dear, never any more on earth. He knew it himself from the first. So he gave up his work that he loved so, more and more every day; until at last, nearly blind, he came here to his god-

mother's old house to live as quietly as he could, all his desire being to keep it from Mr. Edmund. I think he almost hoped to keep it from him until he died. And that is all, my dears. And instead of only feeling the pride I might in him, I sit crying to think what a pity it should be. So cheerful and patient in giving up everything, and yet one of the greatest men in England."

"We didn't know that he was a famouser gentleman than any one else," said Bobby, in an awe-stricken tone.

"Ask your mamma, my dear, and see what she will tell you about how his name is held. For learning and for science and for travel—because from a little child upward the very joy of his heart was always God's creation. Ah, but it isn't his great name I love to think of most, now; it's the way he could forget it—and his only thought how he could spare his brother grief—and bear his suffering alone—as he has done—as he has done—like a Christian gentleman—God be thanked." . . .

"I think we had better go home," said Patricia, her voice shaking very much.

We went out of the garden window, and down the hawthorn walk. But I was the last, and when I said good-by to Mrs. Owen, I felt that I wanted to cry very much, and I put my arms round her waist, and leaned my head on her shoulder, and said: "Mrs. Owen, don't you think that he is the very best gentleman you ever knew?"

And Mrs. Owen's cap waved all over her ribbons, and her curls shook all round her face, as she nodded her head, and cried: "Oh, my dear, he is, he is indeed! The very best!"

I ran after Patricia down the hawthorn walk, with a most dreadful choking where I swallow; I could not have spoken, *whatever* had been the consequences, but fortunately nobody seemed to want to speak. And then, when we went out into the haw, I saw that Patricia's face was wet with crying, and Bobby was biting his lips with all his might; and so I did not mind being seen any longer.

"And as long as I live I will never, never play at imagining Bogy again! Oh, I never, never will!" said Patricia, feeling wildly for

her pocket-handkerchief, while big, smarting tears splashed down one after another.

Bobby stood still in the middle of the haw, and made his shoulders square, and the front of his jacket heaved.

"When I think how we imagined about his arm and his face," he said, "I feel that I want to be hung upon the gallows-tree."

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, dear, don't!" sobbed Patricia. "For my pocket-hole is small and I can *not* get my handkerchief out!"

"You can have mine," said Bobby, generously, smearing his hand over his eyes.

"I shall tell mother all about it," I said. "She will be dreadfully sorry, but I don't know what else I can do to show how I wish I hadn't."

"M'riar was a *beast*!" said Bobby, in a smothered voice.

"Oh, no!" I said, as well as I could for crying. "It is *us* who are beasts, for M'riar hadn't mother, and we had."

We told mother everything, from the very beginning of Bogy, because we did not feel that it was mean, now M'riar was gone. I even told her how afraid I was in the dark.

I told her in a whisper, because I was so dreadfully, dreadfully ashamed, but I wanted to be punished as much as I could. But mother was only so sorry about it that I quite wondered why I had never told her before.

I think we told her everything. We cried a good deal. Patricia and I knelt so that we could put our faces comfortably on her knee, and Bobby walked about in front of her, biting his lips.

"Mother, did you know about him?" asked Patricia.

"I knew that he was the great naturalist and scholar whose name is so beloved and honored, Patricia. I did not know what his housekeeper told you, but only what he himself had said to the vicar, that ill-health compelled him to lead an exceedingly retired life. If I had only known of M'riar's foolish talk, I should have told you what a truly great man he is, but I thought you would think more of it if I left you to find it out for yourselves."

"It wasn't all M'riar's fault; it was our own. And oh, mother, I do so wish I could give over remembering his face when we first called him Bogy," sobbed Patricia.

And mother stroked her hair, and said: "If you could only have thought of it before, Patricia."

"But, mother," said Bobby, "do you think that when I am a man I could learn to be as good a gentleman as Bogy is?"

"Oh, no, you never, never could!" said Patricia; but mother said: "Yes, Bobby, I think you could, if you began to learn when you were quite a little boy."

"I can try," said Bobby; and two immense tears rolled down his face that he was too proud to wipe off. "I can try. And when I do a wrong thing, I can be sorry, and keep trying and being sorry, and trying and being sorry, and trying *again*, until I *am* it."

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT THE END OF IT.

PATRICIA sat on the rhubarb-pot, writing on her knee with Bobby's blunt pencil, and we looked on from the wheelbarrow. Bobby had given me the best end, in the *politest* and *unusuallest* manner, and sat over the wheel himself, which everybody knows is quite disagreeable. Paul was inside, and Annis on the handles, with her feet sticking straight out before her, like a wooden doll's.

"Now, what am I to put next?" asked Patricia.

"I think that will be enough," said Bobby.
"I cannot think of anything to say when I am sorrowing; can you, Nell?"

"No, I cannot. Read it all, Patricia."

So Patricia read aloud:

" 'MY DEAREST, DEAREST BOGY.

" 'We are so unhappy that we do not know what to do and we have greaved all morning and do not feel any happier

how ever long we greave. We want to tell you how sorry we are that we ever thought you were Bogy. We told Mother because we want now to be quite truthfull. She was so supprised and so sorry that we were more ashamed than ever we have been in our lives. We beg your pardon very much indeed. We send you a Keepsake because we love you so much and we are so sorry. We have not got anything else to give to a Grown up Person and this is the thing We like most plese have it. With best love we remane yours truely Patricia, Helen, Robin, Annis, Paul Scrope.

“ ‘ We Know now what an exceedingly good Gentleman yqu are and we are going to be the same.’ ”

Bobby made up this postscript, and would have it put in.

“ If we can,” said Patricia, and wiped her eyes on her pinafore. “ Bobby, have you dug it up, as I told you? ”

“ It’s here,” said Bobby, for he was nursing it in his arms.

“ And I have got the paper bag,” I said.

“ But I have got the string,” said Annis, “ and that is the chiefest of all, for if you hadn’t that, things would come pouring out.”

“ And what would be the use of the string by itself? ” said Bobby, scornfully. “ So it cannot be the chiefest of all.”

“ Do not argue,” said Patricia, wiping her

eyes on her pinafore again, "for it is wicked. Nell, give me the bag."

So we put our present in the bag—I forgot to say that it was the clump of white lilies that came from a garden on the hills round about Jerusalem, but, of course, anybody would know that. Then we went into the haw, and opened Bogy's black doors, and went up the hawthorn walk, and we laid the bag down on the doorstep, and pinned the letter to it. It was rather a funnily-shaped parcel, but we could not help it, and it had taken *such* a long time to tie up.

"Of course he has white lilies," said Bobby. "He has them in the Saints' Rest, for I have seen them; but I daresay he would like to have some more."

So then we went home. And at dinner Bogy sent Grizzle with his compliments, and as he could not come to the young ladies and gentlemen himself, he hoped they would come to him to allow him to thank them. And would they all come at four o'clock, and take tea with him? Mother said that we might go, so nurse began to dress us when the time came; but we were

only dreadfully unhappy, for Patricia said it was the last party, to say good-by before he went away. We had not seen Bogy for three days, and when we went to ask Peter Grimes if he was quite well, he said that Bogy had gone to London with his brother. So we took the Great Bear for a walk up the haw, and made him a wreath of dog-daisies for his neck, and another for his waist, to comfort him. And on the third day Peter Grimes said that Bogy was coming back, and Patricia immediately said that it must be to take away his favorite things, to go away to Algiers with Mr. Edmund. After that, we could not feel happy about anything, not even tea-parties.

Annis cried all the time she was being dressed—but I think that it was partly having her hair brushed. The tears kept falling into the basin as I washed my hands, and tasted very salt as they ran down my face. Bobby said he did not feel in spirits to have a clean collar put on, and people would see that it showed more grief if he went a little untidy. He also kept making sorrowful remarks about Algiers to nurse, which must

have seemed quite unmeaning to her. But nurse would not listen to us; she shook Annis, and made us all quite neat, and then we went. As soon as ever we got out of the gates, Annis, of course, began to cry again, and I unfolded my handkerchief to be ready.

"What do you all cry for?" asked Paul, who had been very much puzzled about it all day.

"We are crying about dear Bogy," I said.

"What for?"

"Because this is the last party, and now he is going away," said Patricia.

"And we didn't know what a good gentleman he was," I sobbed, "and now it is too late to show him how much we love him."

Paul stood still in the middle of the road, and began to make a most dreadful loud roaring, till we did not know what to do with him, and Patricia said he must be taken home if he would not be good.

Then we went on up the road to Bogy's big gates.

"And give over crying, *do!*" ordered Patricia, as we went up the walk. "Nell, wipe Paul's face again!"

I gave it a wipe with my handkerchief, that was already getting very damp, and we came to the door. Grizzle opened it to us. We did think he need not have looked so cheerful, when it was the last party. We went down-stairs, after taking our hats off, feeling very melancholy ; and we could not be very joyful even when we were talking to Bogy.

But it was Annis who burst out crying over tea. It was neither Patricia nor I, for we had arranged not to cry before Bogy, however sorrowful we felt. She suddenly laid her spoon down, and began to cry very loudly.

"Annis, immediately hush !" commanded Patricia, in her most ordering way ; but Annis did not listen, and frowning at her did no good.

"What is the matter, Annis ?" said Bogy. "Don't you like that jam ? Well, never mind ; do not eat it."

"She does like it," said Patricia ; "she likes it very much, thank you. Annis, if you do not give over crying *immediately*, you must go home."

"If she doesn't give over, I must begin, too," I said, with my lips shaking.

"But why?" said Bogy.

"We are sorry, because we had so meant not to cry, only you see how Annis would begin," I said. "It is because of it being the last."

"What is the last?"

"The last party before you go away. Because of you, you know, even more than because of the parties."

"But who said I was going away?" said Bogy. "What made you think of such a thing?"

When I came to think about it, I must say I did not exactly know.

"It was you, Patricia," said Bobby, sternly. "You said you felt it would happen."

"I imagined it," said Patricia, "and then I was afraid it would."

"And oh, Bogy, won't you go away after all?" I said.

"Where should I go to?" he said, and he laughed.

"We thought you would go to Algiers with Mr. Edmund."

"Oh, no," said Bogy. "I love England too well."

"And are you really and truly going to stay here at this house? Always?" asked Bobby.

"I hope as long as I live," said Bogy.

"There! And I grieved and grieved all the morning because you *would* be so confident, Patricia," said Bobby, severely.

"Well, I don't care," said Patricia, recovering. "I am far gladder that Bogy is not going than I am sorry I imagined he was."

And it took Bobby so long to think this over, and to make out what Patricia meant, that he quite forgot that he had meant to have an argument with her.

But I went to Bogy, and I put my arms round his neck, for I could not help it, and I said: "O Bogy, Bogy, *dear*, we do so love you!"

"Then we are quits," said Bogy, with such a curious smile, "for I love you too."

And after that we went on with our tea. We did so enjoy it. We had the peaches that Peter Grimes had sent in, to celebrate the event, as Bogy said, which was not the

last party after all, but, he said, quite one of the first.

After tea we went out into the garden, and we sat in 'the Saints' Rest, on the steps of the sun-dial. Paul sat on Bogy's knee, in the old way, and the Great Bear was all amongst our feet. Bogy showed us that our



"THE LILIES BY THE SUN-DIAL."

white lilies had been planted in the middle of the Saints' Rest, close to the sun-dial, and he said that the next year they would be beautiful. And Patricia says that she is sure it is because they are not moved so often, but I like best to think that it is because we have given over quarrelling

about them; but however it is, they flower there in the Saints' Rest.

We talked quite quietly that evening, for although we were so happy about Bogy not going away and leaving us, we felt grave still when we remembered some things. For when I looked at Bogy I thought how mother had told us what a great naturalist and scholar he was, and then of what he was obliged to be now, and I could not help being sorrowful over it, but yet the more I thought, the more I loved him.

"And if you are going to live here always," said Patricia, "may we come and see you just as we have done?"

"Of course," said Bogy; "I could not do without my little friends now. You shall come whenever you like, to see me and the Great Bear."

"Only I wish," I said, finishing what I was thinking of by saying it aloud—"I do wish that you could be made as happy as we are."

"I am happy," said Bogy. "There is still nature about us, whatever else is taken away. In her I can still find all the happiness I have need of on earth."

"And all the happiness you would *like* to have, too?" asked Patricia.

"All I have need of," said Bogy, quite quietly.

"But the not being able to see — oh, doesn't it hurt very much?" I said in a whisper.

"Not more than one may bear," he said, and he said it quite cheerfully.

But I knew quite well that sometimes it did hurt dreadfully. And I have thought since that although it hurt not to be able to see the things of nature that he loved so much, yet it was knowing so much about them that had made Bogy so great a gentleman, for now I believe that truly loving to think about the things that God has made will make a person very gentle.

"But it hurts very much really," I said; "only one has to be silent about things, because of keeping the gentle heritage."

"We find out more about keeping the gentle heritage every day," said Patricia. "Sometimes we try to do it too, but we don't try enough yet."

"And so, if we go on understanding it

more," said Bobby, "perhaps by the time we are quite old we shall understand right to the end of it. Only it is very hard to do."

"Yes, it is hard," said Bogy; "but still one can always try."

And Bobby shuffled himself over the grass nearer to Bogy, and sat on his feet, thinking and looking up at him.

"I suppose," he said at last—"I suppose any person in the world could do it. Only he must try hard enough."

"With all his might," answered Bogy. "Then he could do it."

"And suppose if he were trying as hard as he could," said Bobby, "how would he know what it was to be quite, quite gentle?"

"Because," said Bogy, slowly—"because there was once a Pattern of gentleness shown to the world, . . . and that Pattern was perfect."

the time
and right
hard to

ill one

grass
king

use
ly



32101 055308546

NOV

This Book is Due

ANNEX

Page

NOV 19 '37



